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Ritson

J. Kitson.

THE

CALEDONIAN MUSE:

A CHRONOLOGICAL SELECTION

OF

SCOTISH POETRY

FROM THE EARLIEST TIMES.

EDITED BY THE LATE

JOSEPH RITSON, ESQ.

WITH VIGNETTES ENGRAVED BY HEATH,

AFTER THE DESIGNS OF STOTHARD.

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THE PUBLISHER TO THE READER.

THIS Volume of Scotish Poetry, the second Poetical Work edited by Ritson, was nearly ready for publication in the year 1785, when a fire, which happened in the Printer's warehouse, having destroyed the introductory portion of the Work, he abandoned the completion of it. The part of the volume rescued from the flames, remained in the warehouse of Mr. Johnson, the Bookseller, of St. Paul's Church-yard, for twenty-five years, and after his decease came into the hands of the present Publisher, who now offers it, for the first time, to the notice of the Public. The only additions have been the Title, and a Portrait engraved from a shade executed by the late Mrs. Park of Hampstead.

This Volume is repeatedly mentioned by Ritson himself, in his Scotish Songs, 2 vols. Lond. 1794.

In Note 20, on page xxx of the Introduction, he says, "*See the Caledonian Muse, (when published);*" and again at page xxxvi, "*Caledonian Muse, printed in* 1785;" and at the end of the Second Volume, on a leaf of Advertisements—

"*The Caledonian Muse, a Chronological Selection of Scotish Poetry from the earliest times to the present, with Notes, and a Glossary, and elegant Vignettes engraved by Heath, from the Designs of Stothard; to which is added, an Essay* on the Author of Christ's Kirk on the Green.*"

* This Essay is unfortunately lost; but it is some consolation, that a few copies of the Work itself are rescued from oblivion.

THE CALEDONIAN MUSE.

PART I.

PEBLIS TO THE PLAY.

BY KING JAMES I.*

From the Maitland manuſcript, in the Pepyſian library, Cambridge.

AT Beltane, quhen ilk bodie bownis
To Peblis to the play,
To heir the ſingin and the ſoundis,
The ſolace ſuth to ſay,

* *Born* 1393; *dyed* 1437.

V. 1. *Beltane, or Beltein, was a great, and, originally, Celtic, feſtival, held on the firſt of May.*

V. 2. *Peblis, or Peebles, is the principal town in the ſhire of Tweeddale.*

Be firth and forreſt furth thay found,
Thay graythit thame full gay,
God wait ‘ that’ wald thai do that ſtound,
For it wes thair feiſt day,
Thay ſaid.
Of Peblis to the play.

All the wenchis of the weſt
War vp or the cok crew,
For reilling thair micht na man reſt,
For garray and for glew,
Ane ſaid my curches ar nocht preſt;
Than anſuerit Meg full blew,
To get ane hude I hald it beſt,
Be goddis ſaull that is trew,
quod ſcho,
Of Peblis to the play.

Scho tuik the tippet be the end,
To lat it hing ſcho leit nocht;
Quod he, thy bak ſall beir ane bend;
In fayth, quod ſcho, we meit nocht.
Scho wes ſo gucket and ſo gend,
That day ane byt ſcho eit nocht;
‘ Than’ ſpak hir fallowis that hir kend,
Be ſtill, my joy, and greit nocht,
Now.
Of Peblis to the play.

V. 7. yai. *MS.* *V.* 27. *MS.* That.

Euir

Euir, allace, than ſaid ſcho,
Am I nocht cleirlie tynt,
I dar nocht cum zon mercat to,
I am ſo ewill ſone brint;
Amang zon merchandis my erandis do,
Marie I ſall anis mynt,
Stand of far, and keik thaim to,
As I at hame wes wont,
Quod ſcho.
Off Peblis to the play.

Hopcalze and Cardronow
Gaderit out thik fald,
With hay and how rolumbelow,
The zoung follis wer full bald
The 'bag pyp' blew, and thai out threw
Out of the townis vntald;
Lord! ſic ane ſchout wes thame amang,
Quhen thai wer our the wald,
Thair weſt.
Off Peblis to the play.

Ane zoung man ſtert in to that ſteid,
Als cant as ony colt,
Ane birkin hat vpon his heid,
With ane bow and ane bolt;
Said, mirrie madinis, think nocht lang,
The wedder is fair and ſmolt.
He cleikit vp ane hie ruf ſang,

V. 41. Hopcalze *and* Cardronow *are ſuppoſed to be the names of adjacent villages.*

V. 45. byg pyk, *MS.*

Thair fure ane man to the holt,
Quod he.
Of Peblis to the play.

Thay had nocht gane half of the gait
Quhen the madinis come vpon thame,
Ilk ane man gaif his conſait,
How at thai wald diſpone thame:
Ane ſaid, the faireſt fallis me,
Tak ze the laif and fone thame.
Ane vther ſaid, wyſe ane lat be,
On Tweddell ſyd, and on thame,
Swythe.
Of Pebles to the play.

Than he to ga and ſcho to ga
And never ane bad abyd zow:
Ane winklot fell, and hir taill vp;
W...., quod Malkin, hyd zow:
Quhat neidis zow to maik it ſua?
Zon man wul nocht our ryd zow.
Ar ze our gude, quod ſcho, I ſay,
To lat thame gang beſyd zow,
Zonder.
Of Peblis to the play.

Than thai come to the townis end
With outtin more delay,
He befoir, and ſcho befoir,
To ſe quha wes maiſt gay.

V. 58. *The beginning of his ſong,—well known, perhaps, in the authors time.*

V. 74. *A word or two not legible.*

All

All that luikit thame vpon
Leuche faſt at thair array;
Sum ſaid that thai wer merkat folk;
Sum ſaid the quene of may
Wes cumit.
Of Peblis to the play.

Than thai to the taverne hous
With meikle oly prance;
Ane ſpak with wourdis wonder crouſe,
A done with ane miſchance.
Braid vp the burde, he 'bydis,' tyt,
We ar all in ane trance,
Se that our napre be quhyt,
For we will dyn and daunce,
Thair out.
Of Peblis to the play.

Ay as the gudwyf brocht in,
Ane ſcorit vpon the wauch.
Ane bad pay, ane vther ſaid nay,
Byd quhill we rakin out lauche.
The gudwyf ſaid, haue ze na dreid,
Ze ſall pay at zo 'auche'.
Ane zoung man ſtert vpon his feit,
And he began to lauche,
For heydin.
Off Peblis to the play.

V. 95. hydis. *MS.* *V.* 106. aucht. *MS.*

He gat ane truncheair in his hand,
And he began to compt;
Ilk man tua and ane happenie,
To pay thus we war wount.
Ane vther ſtert vpon his feit,
And ſaid, thow art our blunt
To ‘ tak’ ſic office vponn hand;
Be god thow ſeruice ane dunt
Of me.
Of Peblis to the play.

Ane dunt! quod he, quhat dewill is that?
Be god thow dar nocht dud.
He ſtert till ane broggit ſtauf,
Wincheand as he war woode.
All that hous wes in ane reirde;
Ane cryit, the halie rude!
Help ws, lord, vpon this crde,
That thair be ſpilt na blude,
Heir in,
Of Peblis to the play.

Thay thrang out at the dure at anis,
With outtin ony reddin;
Gilbert in ane guttar glayde,
He gat na better beddin.
Thair wes nocht ane of thame that day
Wald do ane vtheris biddin.
Thair by lay thre and threttie ſum
Thrumland in ane midding
Off draff.
Of Peblis to the play.

V. 117. ſtak. *MS.*

Ane cadgear on the merkat gait
Hard thame bargane begin,
He gaif ane ſchout, his wyff come out,
Scantlie ſcho micht our hy him.
He held, ſcho drew, for duſt that day
Micht na man ſe ane ſtyme,
To red thame.
Of Peblis to the play.

He ſtert to his greit gray meir,
And of he tumblit the creilis;
Allace, quod ſcho, hald our gud man:
And on hir kneis ſcho knelis.
Abyd, quod ſcho; wy nay, quod he;
In till his ſtirrappis he lap;
The girding brak, and he flew of,
And vp ſtert bayth his heilis,
At anis.
Of Peblis to the play.

His wyf come out and gaif ane ſchout,
And be the fute ſcho gat him,
All be dirtin drew him out,
Lord god! richt weill that ſat him.
He ſaid, quhair is zon culroun knaif?
Quod ſcho, I reid ze lat him
Gang hame his gaitis. Be god, quod he,
I ſall anis haue at him
Zit.
Of Peblis to the play.

V. 142. *This line is apparently defective in the metre, and two others ſeem wanting to complete the ſtanza.*

Ze fylit me, fy for ſchame, quod ſcho,
Se as ze haue dreſt me;
How feill ze, ſchir? As my girdin brak,
Quhat meikle deuil may leſt me;
I wait [nocht] weill quhat it wes,
My awin gray meir that keſt me,
Or gif I wes forfochtin faynt,
And ſyn lay doun to reſt me,
Zonder.
Of Peblis to the play.

Be that the bargan wes all playit,
The ſtringis ſtert out of thair nokkis;
Sewin ſum that the tulze maid
Lay gruflingis in the ſtokkis.
Johne Nikſoun of the Nether 'warde
Had lever haue giffin ane ox
Or he had cuming in that cumpanie,
He ſwore be Goddis cokkis,
And mannis bayth.
Of Peblis to the play.

With that Will Swane come ſweitand out
Ane meikle millar man;
Gif I ſall dance haue doune, lat ſe,
Blaw vp the bagpyp than:
The ſchamons dance I mon begin
I trow it ſall nocht pane.
So havelie he hochit about,
To ſe him, lord! as thai ran
That tyd,
Of Peiblis to the play.

Thay

Thay gadderit out of the toun,
And neirar him thai dreuche;
Ane baid gif the daunſaris rowme,
Will Swane makis wounder teuche.
Than all the wenſchis te he thai playit;
Bot lord! as Will Zoung leuche.
Grande goſſip cum hyn zon gaitis,
For we haue daunſit aneuche,
At anis,
At Peblis at the play.

Sa ferſlie fyr hait wes the day
His face began to frekill,
Than Tiſbe tuik him by the hand,
Wes new cuming fra the heckill;
Allace, quod ſcho, quhat ſall I do?
And our doure hes na ſtekill.
And ſcho to ga as hir taill brynt,
And all the cairlis to kekill
At hir.
Of Peblis to the play.

'The' pyper ſaid, now I begin
To tyre for playing to [zow],
Bot zit I haue gottin na thing
For all my pyping to zow;
Thre happennis for half ane day,
And that will nocht vndo zow:

V. 219. Thy. *MS.*

And

And gif ze will gif me richt nocht,
The meikill deuill gang with zow,
Quod he.
Of Peblis to the play.

Ba that the daunſing wes all done,
Thair leif tuik les and mair;
Quhen the winklottis and the wawaris twynnit,
To ſe it wes hart fair.
Quhat Atkin ſaid to fayr Ales,
My bird now will I fayr:
The dewill a wourde that ſcho micht ſpeik,
Bot ſwownit that ſweit of ſwair,
For kyndnes,
Of Peblis to the play.

He ſippillit lyk ane faderles fole,
And [ſaid] be ſtill, my ſweit thing.
Be the haly rud of Peblis,
I may nocht reſt for greting.
He quhiſſillit and he pypit bayth,
To mak hir blyth that meiting:
My hony hart, how ſayis the ſang?
Thair ſal be mirth at our meting
Zit.
Of Peblis to the play.

Be that the ſone wes ſettand ſchaftis,
And neir done was the day:
Thair men micht heir ſchukin of ſchaftis,
Quhen that thai went thair way.

Had

Had thair bein mair made of this ſang,
Mair ſuld I to zow ſay.
At Beltane ilka bodie bound
To Peiblis to the play.

THE THRISSIL AND THE ROSE.

BY WILLIAM DUNBAR.*

From the edition published by sir David Dalrymple, bart. lord Hailes, after the Hyndford MS. in the Advocates library, Edinburgh, 1770.

QUHEN Merche wes with variand windis paſt,
And Appryll had with hir ſilver ſhouris
Tane leif at nature, with ane orient blaſt,
And luſty May, that muddir is of flouris,
Had maid the birdis to begyn thair houris
Amang the tendir odouris reid and quhyt,
Quhois harmony to heir it wes delyt:

In bed at morrow, ſleiping as I lay,
Methocht Aurora, with her criſtall ene,
In at the window lukit by the day,
And halſit me, with viſage paile and grene;
On quhois hand a lark ſang fro the ſplene,
Awalk luvaris out of your ſlemering,
Se how the luſty morrow dois upſpring.

Methocht freſche May befoir my bed upſtude,
In weid depaynt of mony diverſe hew,
Sober, benyng, and full of manſuetude,
In bright atteir of flouris forgit new,
Hevinly of color, quhyt, reid, brown, and blew,
Balmit in dew, and gilt with Phebus bemys;
Quhyl all the houſe illumynit of her lemys.

* *Born* 14..; *dyed* 15... *This poem was written on the nuptials of James IV. with Margaret, eldeſt daughter of Henry VII. in* 1504.

Slugart,

Sluggart, ſcho ſaid, awalk annone for ſchame,
And in my honor ſumthing thow go wryt;
The lark hes done the mirry day proclame,
To rais up luvaris with comfort and delyt;
Yet nocht increſs thy curage to indyt,
Quhois hairt ſumtyme hes glaid and bliſsfull bene,
Sangis to mak undir the levis grene.

Quhairto, quoth I, ſall I upryſe at morrow,
For in this May few birdis herd I ſing;
Thay haif moir cauſe to weip and plane their ſorrow;
Thy air it is nocht holſum nor benyng;
Lord Eolus dois in thy ſeſſone ring:
So buſteous ar the blaſtis of his horne,
Amang thy bewis to walk I haif forborne.

With that this lady ſobirly did ſmyll,
And ſaid, Upriſe, and do thy obſervance,
Thou did promyt, in Mayis luſty quhyle,
For to diſcryve the Roſe of moſt pleſance.
Go ſe the birdis how thay ſing and dance,
Illumynit our with orient ſkyis brycht,
Anamyllit richely with new aſur lycht.

Quhen this wes ſaid, departit ſcho this quene,
And enterit in a luſty garding gent;
And than methocht full heſtely beſene,
In ſerk and mantill after her I went
Into this garth moſt dulce and redolent,
Of herb and flour, and tendir plantis ſweit,
And grene levis doing of dew down fleit.

The purpour ſone, with tendir bemys reid,
In orient bricht as angell did appeir,
Throw goldin ſkyis putting up his heid,
Quhois gilt treſſis ſchone ſo wondir cleir,
That all the world tuke comfort, fer and neir,
To luke upone his freſche and bliſsfull face,
Doing all ſable fro the Hevynis chace.

And as the bliſsfull ſonene of cherarchy
The fowlis ſung throw comfort of the licht;
The burdis did with oppin vocis cry,
O luvaris ſo away throw dully nicht,
And welcum day that comfortis every wicht;
Hail May, hail Flora, hail Aurora ſchene,
Hail Princes Nature, hail Venus, Luvis quene.

Dame Nature gaif ane inhibitioun thair
To fers Neptunus, and Eolus the bauld,
Nocht to perturb the wattir nor the air,
And that no ſchöuris nor blaſtis cawld
Effray ſuld flouris nor fowlis on the fauld:
Scho bad eik Juno, goddes of the ſky,
That ſcho the hevin ſuld keip amene and dry.

Scho ordaind eik that every bird and beiſt
Befoir her Hienes ſuld annone compeir,
And every flour of vertew, moſt and leiſt,
And every herb be feild fer and neir,
As they had wont in May fro yeir to yeir,
To hir thair makar to mak obediens,
Full law inclynand with all due reverens.

With that annone ſcho ſend the ſwiyft ro
To bring in beiſtis of all conditioun;
The reſtles ſwallow commandit ſcho alſo
To fetch all foull of ſmall and greit renown,
And to gar flouris compeir of all faſſoun;
Full craftely conjurit ſcho the yarrow,
Quhilk did forth ſwirk as ſwift as ony arrow.

All preſent wer in twynkling of ane ee,
Baith beiſt, and bird, and flour, befoir the Quene.
And firſt the Lyone, gretaſt of degre,
Was callit thair, and he moſt fair to ſene,
With a full hardy countenance and kene,
Befoir Dame Nature come, and did inclyne,
With viſage bauld, and courage leonyne.

This awfull beiſt full terrible wes of cheir,
Perſing of luke, and ſtout of countenance,
Ryght ſtrong of corpes, of faſſoun fair, but feir,
Luſty of ſhaip, lycht of deliverance,
Reid of his cullour, as is the ruby glance,
In feild of gold he ſtude full mychtely,
With floure-de-Lycis ſirculit luſtely.

This lady liftit up his cluvis cleir,
And leit him liſtly lene upone hir kne,
And crownit him with dyademe full deir,
Of raydous ſtonis, moſt ryall for to ſe;
Saying, The King of Beiſtis mak I the,
And the cheif protector in wodds and ſchawis,
Onto thy leigis go furth, and keip the lawis.

Exerce juſtice with mercy and conſciens,
And lat no ſmall beiſt ſuffir ſkaith na ſcornis
Of greit beiſtis that bene of moir puſience:
Do law alyk to aipis and unicornis,
And lat no bowgle with his buſteous hornis
The meik pluch-ox oppreſs, for all his pryd,
Bot in the yok go peciable him beſyd.

Quhen this was ſaid, with noyis and ſoun of joy,
All kynd of beiſtis into thair degre
At onis cryit, laud, *Vive le Roy*,
And till his feit fell with humilite;
And all thay maid him homege and fewte;
And he did thame reſſaif with princely laitis,
Quhois noble yre is proteir proſtratis.

Syne crownit ſcho the Egle King of Fowlis,
And as ſteill dertis ſcherpit ſcho his pennis,
And bad him be als juſt to awppis and owlis,
As unto pakokkis, papingais, or crenis,
And mak a law for wicht fowlis and for wrennis,
And lat no fowll of ravyne do efferay,
Nor birdis devoir bot his awin pray.

Than callit ſcho all flouris that grew on feild,
Diſcryving all thair faſſiouns and effeirs;
Upon the awfull THRISSILL ſcho beheld,
And ſaw him keipit with a buſche of ſpeiris;
Conſidering him ſo able for the weiris,
A radius crown of rubies ſcho him gaif,
And ſaid, In feild go furth, and fend the laif.

And ſen thou art a King, thou be diſcreit,
Herb without vertew thow hald nocht of ſic pryce
As herb of vertew and of odor ſweit;
And lat no nettill vyle, and full of vyce,
Hir fallow to the gudly flour-de-lyce;
Nor lat no wyld weid full of churliſhneſs
Compair her till the lilleis nobilneſs.

Nor hald no udir flour in ſic denty
As the freſche Rose, of cullour reid and quhyt:
For gif thou dois, hurt is thyne honeſty;
Conſiddering that no flour is ſo perfyt,
So full of vertew, pleſans, and delyt,
So full of bliſsfull angelik bewty,
Imperial birth, honour, and dignite.

Than to the Rose ſcho turnit hir viſage,
And ſaid, O luſty dochtir moſt benyng,
Aboif the lilly, illuſtrare of lynage,
Fro the ſtok ryell ryſing freſche and ying,
But ony ſpot or macull doing ſpring,
Cum bloume of joy with jemmis to be cround,
For our the laif thy bewty is renound.

A coſtly crown, with clarefeid ſtonis bricht,
This cumly Quene did on hir heid incloſe,
Quhyll all the land illumynit of the lycht;
Quhairfoir methocht the flouris did rejoſe,
Crying, attanis, Haill be thou richeſt Roſe,
Haill hairbis Empryce, haill freſcheſt Quene of flouris,
To the be glory and honour at all houris.

Thane all the birdis ſong with voce on hicht,
Quhois mirthfull ſoun wes marvellus to heir;
The mavys ſang, Haill Roſe moſt riche and richt,
That dois upflureiſs under Phebus ſpeir!
Haill plant of youth, haill Princes dochtir deir,
Haill bloſome breking out of the blud royall,
Quhois pretius vertew is imperial.

The merle ſcho ſang, Haill Roſe of moſt delyt,
Haill of all fluris quene and ſoverane.
The lark ſcho ſang, Haill Roſe both reid and quhyt,
Moſt pleaſand flour, of michty coullours twane.
The nichtingaill ſong, Haill Naturis ſuffragene
In bewty, nurtour, and every nobilneſs,
In riche array, renown, and gentilneſs.

The common voce upraiſe of burdis ſmall
Upone this wys, O bliſſit be the hour
That thou wes choſen to be our principall;
Welcome to be our Princes of honour,
Our perle, our pleſans, and our paramour,
Our peace, our play, our plane felicite;
Chryſt the conſerf frome all adverſite.

Than all the burdis ſong with ſic a ſchout
That I anone awoilk quhair that I lay,
And with a braid I turnit me about
To ſe this court; bot all wer went away:
Then up I leinyt, halflinges in affrey,
And thus I wret as ye haif hard to forrow,
Of luſty May upone the nynt morrow.

ADVICE TO THE COURTIER.

BY QUYNTENE SCHAW.*

From the Maitland manuſcript.

SUPPOIS the courte zow cheir and tretis,
And fortoun on zow ſchynis and betis,
I rid zow than, war lufe, war le;
Suppois ze ſale betuix twa ſcheittis,
Utheris hes ſalit alș weill as ze.

Giff chynges the wynd on force ze mon
Bolyn huke haik and ſchete hale on,
Thairfoir bewar with ane ſcharpe blawar;
Giff ze be wys avyſe heiron,
And ſet zour ſale a little lawar.

For gif ze hauld zour ſale ouir ſtrek,
Thair may cum bubbis ze not ſuſpek;
Thair may cum contrairis ze not knaw;
Thair may cum ſtormes, and caus a lek,
That ze man cap be wynd and waw.

And thocht the air be fair and ſtormles,
Zit thair hauld not zour ſale ouir pres;
For of hie landis thair may cum flaggis,
At Saint Tabbis heid and Buchan nes,
And ryve zour foirſaill all in raggis.

* *Born* 1...; *dyed* 15... *Nothing of this authors is elſewhere to be found in print.*

Be than vexit and at undir,
Zour freindis will fre and on zou wondir;
Thairfoir bewar with ouir hie landis,
Sic flaggis may fall, ſuppois a hundir,
War zow to help thai have no handis.

Dreid this danger, gud freind and brudir,
And tak exemple befoir of uther;
Knaw courtis and wynd hes oft ſys vareit:
Keip weill to zour cours, and rewle zour rudir,
And think with kingis ze ar not mareit.

ROBENE AND MAKYNE.

BY ROBERT HENRYSONE.*

From Lord Haileses edition.

ROBENE ſat on gud grene hill,
Keipand a flok of ſie,
Mirry Makyne ſaid him till,
Robene, thow rew on me;
I haif the luvit lowd and ſtill,
Thir yeiris two or thre;
My dule in dern bot gif thou dill,
Doutleſs bot dreid I de.

Robene anſwerit, Be the rude,
Na thing of lufe I knaw,
Bot keipis my ſcheip undir yone wud,
Lo quhair thay raik on raw.
Quhat hes marrit the in thy mude,
Makyne, to me thow ſchaw;
Or quhat is luve, or to be lude?
Faine wald I leir that law.

At luvis lair gife thow will leir,
Tak thair ane A, B, C;
Be kynd, courtas, and fair of feir,
Wyſe, hardy, and fre.
Se that no denger do the deir,
Quhat dule in dern thow dre;
Preiſs the with pane at all poweir,
Be patient and previe.

* "*Scholmaiſter of Dumfermline.*" *Born* 1...; *dyed* 15...

Robene anſwerit her agane,
I wait nocht quhat is luve,
Bot I haif mervell incertaine,
Quhat makis the this wanrufe;
The weddir is fair, and I am fane,
My ſcheip gois haill aboif,
And we wald play us in this plane,
Thay wald us bayth reproif.

Robene, tak tent unto my taill,
And wirk all as I reid,
And thow ſall haif my hairt all haill,
And eik my maidinheid.
Sen God ſendis bute for baill,
And for murning remeid,
I dern with the; bot gif I daill,
Dowbtles I am bot deid.

Makyne, to morne this ilka tyde,
And ye will meit me heir,
Peraventure my ſcheip ma gang beſyd,
Quhyll we haif liggit full neir;
Bot maugre haif I and I byd,
Fra they begin to ſteir;
Quhat lyis on hairt I will nocht hyd;
Makyne, than mak gud cheir.

Robene, thou reivis me roiſs and reſt,
I lufe bot the allone.
Makyne, adew, the ſone gois weſt,
The day is neirhand gone.

V. 36. *This appears, from the Evergreen, to be the genuine reading. Lord Hailes has taken the ſtrangeſt liberty with it.*

Robene, in dule I am ſo dreſt,
That lufe will be my bone.
Ga lufe, Makyne, quhair evir thou liſt,
For leman I lue none.

Robene, I ſtand in ſic a ſtyle
I ſicht, and that full ſair.
Makyne, I haif bene heir this quyle,
At hame God gif I wair.
My hinny Robene, talk ane quhyle,
Gif thou wilt do na mair.
Makyne, ſum uthir man begyle,
For hamewart I will fair.

Robene on his wayis went,
As licht as leif of tre;
Makyne murnit in her intent,
And trowd him nevir to ſe.
Robene brayd attour the bent;
Than Makyne cryit on hie,
Now ma thow ſing, for I am ſchent!
Quhat alis lufe with me?

Makyne went hame withouttin faill,
Full werry eftir cowth weip:
Than Robene in a ful-fair daill
Aſſemblit all his ſcheip.
Be that ſum parte of Makynes ail
Out-throw his hairt cowd creip;
He followit hir faſt thair till aſſail,
And till her tuke gude keep.

Abyd, abyd, thou fair Makyne,
A word for ony thing;
For all my luve it ſall be thyne,
Withouttin departing.
All haill! thy hairt for till haif myne,
Is all my cuvating;
My ſcheip to morn, quhill houris nyne,
Will neid of no keping.

Robene, thou hes hard ſoung and ſay,
In geſtis and ſtoreis auld,
The man that will not quhen he may,
Sall haif nocht quhen he wald.
I pray to Jeſu every day,
Mot eik thair cairis cauld,
That firſt preiſſis with the to play,
Be firth, forreſt, or fawld.

Makyne, the nicht is ſoft and dry,
The wedder is warme and fair,
And the grene woud rycht neir us by
To walk attour all quhair:
Thair ma na janglour us eſpy,
That is to lufe contrair;
Thairin, Makyne, bath ye and I,
Unſene we ma repair.

Robene, that warld is all away,
And quyt brocht till ane end,
And nevir again thereto perfay,
Sall it be as thou wend;

For

For of my pane thou maide it play,
And all in vane I ſpend:
As thou hes done, ſa ſall I ſay,
Murne on, I think to mend.

Makyne, the howp of all my heill,
My hairt on the is ſett,
And evir ma to the be leill,
Quhile I may leif but lett;
Nevir to faill, as utheris faill,
Quhat grace that evir I gett.
Robene, with the I will not deill;
Adew, for thus we mett.

Makyne went hame blyth anewche,
Attoure the holtis hair;
Robene murnit, and Makyne lewche;
Scho ſang, he ſichit ſair:
And ſo left him, bayth wo and wreuch,
In dolour and in cair,
Kepand his hird under a huche,
Amangis the holtis hair.

CHRISTS KIRK ON THE GREEN.

BY KING JAMES V.*

From the Maitland manuſcript.

WAS never in Scotland hard nor ſene
Sic danſing nor deray,
Nother in Falkland on the grene,
Nor Peblis to the Play,
As was of wowaris, as I wene,
At Chryſtis kirk on ane day,
Thair come our Kittie, weſching clene,
In hir new kirtill of gray,
Full gay,
At Chryſtis kirk on the grene.

To dance the damiſallis thame dicht,
And laſſis licht of laittis,
Thair gluvis war of the raffell richt,
Thair ſchone war of the ſtraitis,
Thair kirtillis war of the lincum licht,
Weill preſt with mony plaitis,
Thay war ſo nyce quhen men thame nicht,
Thay ſqueild lyk ony gaitis,
Ful loud,
At Chryſtis kirk on the grene.

* *Born* 1511; *dyed* 1542.

V. 3. *Falkland in Fife, where the Scotiſh kings had a palace.*

V. 6. *Chriſts-kirk is a town near Falkland.*

Off

Off all thir madinis myld as meid,
Was nane ſa gymp as Gillie,
As ony roſe hir rude was reid,
Hir lyre was lyk the lillie;
Bot zallow, zallow was hir heid,
And ſche of luif ſo ſillie,
Thocht all hir kin ſuld haue bein deid,
Sche wald haue bot ſweit Willie
Allane,
At Chryſtis kirk of the grein.

Sche ſcornit Jok and ſcrippit at him,
And morgeound him with mokkis,
He wald haue luffit hir ſche wald nocht lat him
For all his zallow lokkis;
He cheriſt hir, ſcho bad ga chat him,
Sche comptit him nocht twa clokkis,
So ſchamfullie ane ſchort goun ſat him,
His lymmis was lyk twa rokkis,
Sche ſaid,
At Chryſtis [kirk on the grene].*

Stowin come ſteppand in with ſtendis,
No renk mycht him arreſt,
Plat fut he bobbit vp with bendis,
For Mald he maid requeiſt;
He lap quhill he lay on his lendis,
Bot ryſand he was preſt,
Quhill he hoſtit at bayth the endis,

* *This and the preceding ſtanza are transposed in the MS.*

In

In honour of the feiſt,
That day,
At Chryſtis [kirk] on the grein.

Thome Lucar was yair menſtrale meit,
O lord! gif he culd lance!
He playit ſo ſchill, and ſang ſo ſweit,
Quhill Towſie tuik ane trance;
All auld lycht futtis he did forleyt,
And counterfutit France,
He him avyſit as man diſcreit,
And vp the moreis dance,
'He' tuik,
At Chryſtis [kirk on the grene].

Than Robene Roy begouth to revell,
And Dowie to him druggit,
Lat be, quod Jokke, and callit him gavell,
And be the taill him tuggit,
He turnit and cleikit to the cavell,
Bot, lord, than gif thai luggit!
Thai partit thair play thane with ane nevell,
Men wait gif hair wes ruggit
Betwene thame,
At Chryſtis kirk [on the grene.]

Ane bend ane bow, ſic ſturt couth ſteir him,
Grit ſcayth war to haue ſcard him,
He cheſit ane 'ſlane' as did affeir him,
The tother ſaid dirdum dardum,
Throw bayth the cheikis he thocht to their him,
Or throw the chaftis haue charde him,

V. 59. Scho, *MS.* *V.* 73. ſlame, *MS.*

Bot

Bot be ane myle it come nocht neir him,
I can nocht ſay quhat mard him
Thair,
At Chryſtis kirk [on the grene].

With that ane freynd of his cryit fy,
And vp ane arow drew,
He forgeit it ſo ferſlye,
The bowe in ſlenders flew;
Sa was the will of god trow I,
For had the tre bene trew,
Men ſaid, that kend his archerie,
That he had ſlane anew
That day,
At Chryſtis kirk [on the grene].

Ane haiſtie henſour callit Harie,
Quhilk wes ane archer heynd,
Tit wp ane takill but ony tarye,
That turment ſo him teynd;
I wait nocht quhidder his hand culd varie,
Or gif the man was his freynd,
Bot he chapit throw the michtis of Marie,
As man that na ewill meynd
That tyme,
At Chryſtis kirk [on the grene].

Than Lowrie as ane lyoun lap,
And ſone ane ſlane culd fedder,
He hecht to pers him at the pape,
Thairon to wed ane wedder,
He hit him on the wambe ane wap,

And it buft lyk ane bledder,
But, lo! as fortoun was and hap,
His doublat was of ledder,
And ſauft him,
At Crhryſtis kirk of [the grene].

The 'buff' ſo bouſtuouſlie abaſit him,
To the erd he duſchit doun,
The tother for dreid he preiſſit him,
And fled out of the toun;
The wyffis come furth and vp thay paiſit him,
And fand lyff in the loun,
And with thre routis [up] thay raiſit him,
And coverit him of ſwoune,
Agane,
At Crhyſtis kirk [on the grene].

Ane zaip zoung man that ſtude him neiſt,
Louſit of ane ſchot with ire,
He etlit the berne ewin in the breiſt,
The bout flew our the byre,
Ane cryit that he had ſlane ane preiſt,
Ane myle be zond ane myre,
Than bow and bag fra him he caiſt,
And fled als fers as fyre
Of flint,
At Chryſtis kirk [on the grene].

With forkis and ſtalis thay leit grit ſlappis,
And ſlang togither with friggis,
With bougaris of barnis thai birſt blew cappis,
Quhill thay of bernis maid briggis:

V. 111. baff. *MS.*

The

The rerde rais rudlie with the rappis,
Quhen rungis was layd on riggis,
The wyffis come furth with cryis and clappis,
Lo quhair my lyking liggis!
Quod ſcho,
At Chryſtis kirk [on the grene].

Thay girnit and leit girdis with granis,
Ilk goſſop vther grevit,
Sum ſtraikit ſtingis, ſum gadderit ſtanis,
Sum fled and 'ewill' eſchewit;
The menſtrall wan win 'twa' wanis,
That day full weill he previt,
For he come hame with vnbriſde banis,
Quhair fechtaris war miſchevit
For ever,
At Chryſtis kirk [on the grene].

Heich Huchoun with ane hiffill ryſs,
To red can throw thame rummill,
He mudlit thame down lyk ony myſe,
He wes na baty bummill;
Thocht he wes wicht he wes nocht wyſs,
With ſic jatouris to geummill,
For fra his thoume thay dang ane ſklyſs,
Quhill he cryit barlaw fummill,
Ouris,
At Chryſtis kirk [on the grene].

V. 144. weill. *MS.*

V. 145. ane. *MS. But* within twa wains *(according to Ramſay) is the reading of the Hyndford MS. and the alteration is abſolutely neceſſary to render the paſſage intelligible. The piper preſerved himſelf by getting between two waggons, or carts.*

Quhen

Quhen that he ſaw his blude ſo reid,
To fle micht no man lat him,
He wend it had bene for ald feid,
The far ſarar it ſat him,
He gart his feit defend his heid,
He thocht thay cryit haue at him,
Quhill he was paſt out of all pleid,
He ſuld be ſwyft that gat him,
Throw ſpeid,
At Chryſtis kirk [on the grene].

The toun ſoutar in breif was boudin,
His wyf hang in his waiſt,
His body was in blude all browdin,
He granit lyk ony gaiſt,
Hir glitterand hairis that war full goldin,
So hard in luif him laiſt,
That for hir ſaik he was vnzoldin
Sewin myle quhen he wes chaiſt,
And mair,
At Chryſtis kirk [on the grene].

The millar was of manlie mak,
To meit him was na mowis,
Thair durſt na ten cum him to tak,
So nobbit he thair nowis;
The buſchement haill about him brak,
And bickert him with bowis,
Syn tratourlie, behind his bak,
Ane hewit him on the howis,
Behind,
At Chryſtis kirk [on the grene].

Twa that was herdiſmen of the herde
Ran vpone vther lyk rammis,
Thai forſy freikis richt vneffeird,
Bet on with barow trammis;
Bot quhan thair gobbis war bayth vngird,
Thai gat vpon the gammis,
Quhill bludie barkit was thair berd,
As thay had worreit lambis,
Moſt lyk,
At Chryſtis kirk [on the grene].

The wyffis caſt vp ane hiddwous zell,
Quhen all the zoungkeiris zokkit;
Als fers as ony fyr flauchtis fell,
Freikis to the feild yn flokit;
Thay cavellis with clubbis culd vther quell,
Quhill blude at breiſtis out bokkit;
So rudlie rang the commoun bell,
Quhill all the ſteipill rokkit,
For rerde,
At Chryſtis kirk on [the grene].

Quhen thai had beirit lyk batit bullis,
And brane wode brynt in balis,
Thai wox als mait as ony mulis
'That mangit ar' with malis:
For fantnes thay forfochtin fulis
Fell doun lyk flauchter falis;
Freſche men com hame, and halit the dulis,

V. 214. Thai maggit war, *MS.*
V. 215. forfochin, *MS.*

And dang thame doun in dalis,
Bedene,
At Chryſtis kirk [on the grene].

Quhen all wes done, Dic with ane ax
Come furth to fell ane futher,
Quod he, quhair ar zon hangit ſmaikis,
Richt now that hurt my brother?
Hys wyf bad him gang hame, 'Gib' Glaikis,
And ſua did Meg his mother,
He turnit and gaif thame bayth thair paikis,
For he durſt ſtryk na vther,
Men ſaid,
At Crhryſtis kirk on the grene.

TO HIS HEART.

BY ALEXANDER SCOTT.*

From Lord Haileses edition.

RETURNE the hamewart, hairt, agane,
And byde quhair thou was wont to be;
Thou art ane fule to ſuffer pane,
For luve of hir that luvis not the:
My hairt, lat be ſic fanteſie,
Luve nane bot as thay mak the cauſe;
And lat her ſeik ane hairt for the,
For feind a crum of the ſcho fawis.

To quhat effect ſould thou be thrall?
But thank ſen thou hes thy fre will;
My hairt, be not ſa beſtiall,
But knaw quha dois the guid or ill:
Remane with me, and tarry ſtill,
And ſe quha playis beſt their pawis,
And lat fillok fling her fill,
For feind a crum of the ſcho fawis.

Thocht ſcho be fair, I will not fenzie,
Scho is the kind of utheris ma:
For quhy? thair is a felon menzie,
That ſemis gud, and ar not ſa.

* *Born* 1 . . .; *dyed* 1 . . . .

My hairt, tak nowdir pane nor wa,
For Meg, for Merjory, or yit Mawis,
But be thou glaid, and latt hir ga,
For feind a crum of the ſcho fawis.

Becaus I find ſcho tuk in ill,
At her departing thow mak na cair,
Bot all begyld; go quhair ſcho will,
A ſhrew the hairt that mane makis mair.
My hairt, be mirry, lait and air,
This is the fynall end and clauſe,
And let her fallow ane filly fair,
For feind a crum of the ſcho fawis.

THE

CHERRY AND THE SLAE.

COMPYLT INTO SCOTTIS MEETER

BY CAPTAIN ALEXANDER MONTGOMERY.*

From "the Evergreen," 1724.

ABOUT an bank with balmy bewis,
Quhair nychtingales thair notes renewis,
With gallant goldſpinks gay,
The mavis, merle, and Progne proud,
The lintwhyt, lark, and lavrock loud,
Salutit mirthful May.
Quhen Philomel had ſweitly ſung,
To Progne ſcho deplord,
How Tereus cut out hir tung,
And falſly her deflourd;
Quhilk ſtory ſo ſorie
To ſhaw hir ſelf ſho ſeimt;
To heir hir, ſo neir hir,
I doutit if I dreimt.

* *Born* 15 . .; *dyed* 1 . . . . *This poem is ſaid to have been written in* 1590. *Ramſay tells us that his edition "is taken from two curious old ones, the firſt printed by Robert Walgrave, the king's printer, in* 1597, *according to a copy corrected by the author himſelf, the other by Andro Hart, printed* 1615, *ſaid on the title page to be newly altered, perfyted, and divided into* 114 *quatuorzeims, not long before the author's death." Captain Montgomery was not, as is generally ſuppoſed, the inventor of this ſort of ſtanza. He only imitated a more ancient piece, intitled* THE BANKS OF HELICON, *which is ſtill extant; but the "tune" to which both poems appear to have been originally "ſung" is unfortunately loſt.*

The cuſhat crouds, the corbie crys,
The coukow couks, the prattling pyes,
To geck hir they begin;
The jargoun 'of' the jangling jayes,
The craiking craws, and keckling kayes,
They deavt me with thair din:
The painted pawn, with Argos eyis,
Can on his mayock call,
The turtle wails on witherit tries,
And Eccho anſwers all,
Repeting, with greiting,
How fair Narciſſus fell,
By lying, and ſpying
His ſchadow in the well.

I ſaw the hurcheon and the hare,
In hidlings, hirpling here and thair,
To mak thair morning mange;
The con, the cuning, and the cat,
Quhais dainty downs with dew were wat,
With ſtif muſtachis ſtrange;
The hart, the hynd, the dae, the rae,
The fulmart and falſe fox;
The beardit buck clam up the brae,
With birſſy bairs and brocks;
Sum feiding, ſum dreiding
The hunters ſubtile ſnairs,
With ſkipping, and tripping,
They playit them all in pairs.

V. 18. or. *PCC.*

The air was ſobir, ſaft and ſweit,
Nae miſty vapours, wind nor weit;
But quyit, calm and clear;
To foſter Floras fragrant flowris,
Quhairon Apollos paramouris
Had trinklit mony a teir;
The quhilk lyke ſilver ſchaikers ſhynd,
Embroydering bewties bed;
Quhairwith their heavy heids declynd,
In Mayis collouris cled;
Sum knoping, ſum droping
Of balmy liquour ſweit,
Excelling in ſmelling,
Throw Phebus hailſum heit.

Methocht an heavenlie heartſum thing,
Quhair dew lyke diamonds did hing,
Owre twinkling all the treis,
To ſtudy on the fluriſt twiſts,
Admiring natures alchymiſts,
Laborious buſſie bies;
Quhairof ſum ſweiteſt honie ſocht,
To ſtay thair lyves frae ſterve;
And ſum the waxie veſchells wrocht,
Thair purchaſe to preſerve;
So heiping, for keiping,
It in thair hyves they hide;
Preciſelie, and wyſelie,
For winter they provyde.

To pen the pleaſures of that park,
How every bloſſom, branch and bark,
Againſt the ſun did ſhyne,
I paſs to poetis to compyle,
In hich, heroick, ſtaitlie ſtyle,
Quhais muſe ſurmatches myne.
But as I lukit myne alane,
I ſaw a river rin,
Out owre a ſteipie rock of ſtane,
Syne lichtit in a lin;
With tumbling, and rumbling,
Amang the roches round,
Devalling, and falling
Into a pit profound.

Throw rowting of the river rang
The roches, ſounding lyke a ſang,
Quhair 'deſcant' did abound;
With triple, tenor, counter, mein,
And Ecchoe blew a baſe betwene,
In diapaſon ſound,
Set with the C-ſol-fa-uth cleif,
With lang and large at liſt,
With quaver, crotchet, ſemibreif,
And not an minum miſt;
Compleitlie, mair ſweitlie,
Scho fridound flat and ſharp,
Nor muſes, that uſes
To pin Apollos harp.

V. 87. Das Kane. *R.*

Quha

Quha wald haif tyrt to heir that tune,
Quhilk birds corroborate ay abune,
With lays of luveſum larks,
Quhilk clim ſae high in chryſtal ſkys;
Quhyle Cupid walkens with the crys
Of natures chappel clerks:
Quha leving all the hevins abuve,
Allichted on the eird;
Lo, how that little lord of luve
Before me thair appeird,
Sae myld lyke, and chyld lyk,
With bow three quarters ſcant,
Syne moylie, and coylie,
He lukit lyke ane ſant.

Ane cleinly criſp hang owre his eyis,
His quaver by his nakit thyis
Hang in an ſilver lace,
Of gold betwixt his ſchoulders grew
Twa pretty wings, quhairwith he flew,
On his left arm ane brace.
This god ſone aff his geir he ſchuke,
Upon the graſſie grund;
I ran as lichtly for to luke,
Quhair ferlies micht be fund:
Amaſit I gaſit
To ſee his geir ſae gay;
Perſaifing myne haveing,
He countit me his prey.

His

His zouth and ſtature made me ſtout,
Of doubleneſs I had nae doubt,
But bourded with my boy:
Quod I, How call they thee, my chyld?
Cupido, ſir, quod he, and ſmyld,
Pleaſe you me to imploy:
For I can ſerve you in your ſuite,
If you pleaſe to impyre,
With wings to flie, and ſchafts to ſchute,
Or flamis to ſet on fyre.
Mak choice then of thoſe then,
Or of a thouſand things,
But crave them, and have them:
With that I wowd his wings.

Quhat wald thou gif, my freind, quod he,
To haif thir wanton wings to flie,
To ſport thy ſprit a quhyle?
Or, quhat gif I ſuld lend the heir,
Bow, quaver, ſchafts, and ſchuting geir,
Sum body to begyle?
That geir, quod I, cannot be bocht,
Zit I wald haif it fain.
Quhat gif, quod he, it coſt thee nocht,
But rendering all again?
His wings then he brings then,
And band them on my back:
Go flie now, quod he now;
And ſae my leif I tak.

I ſprang

I ſprang up with Cupidoes wings,
Quha bow and ſchuting geir reſigns,
To lend me for a day:
As Icarus with borrowit flicht,
I mountit hichar nor I micht,
Owre perrilous ane play.
Then furth I drew that double dart
Quhilk ſumtyme ſchot his mother,
Quhairwith I hurt my wanton hairt,
In hope to hurt ane uther:
It hurt me, or burnt me,
Quhyle either end I handill:
Come ſe now in me now
The butterflie and candill.

As ſcho delyts into the low,
So was I browdin of my bow,
As ignorant as ſcho;
And as ſcho flies quhyl ſcho be fyrt,
Sua with the dart that I deſyrt,
My hand has hurt me to.
As fuliſh Phaeton be ſuit,
His fathers cart obtaind,
Sa langt I in Lufis bow to ſchute,
Not marking quhat it meind;
Mair wilfull, than ſkilfull,
To flie I was ſae fond,
Deſyring, aſpyring;
And ſae was ſene upond.

Too late I knew, quha hewis to hie,
The ſpail ſall fall into his eie,
Too late I went to the ſchuils;
Too late I heard the ſwallow preich,
Too late experience dois teich,
The ſchuil-maiſter of fuils;
Too late I find the neſt I ſeik,
Quhen all the birds ar flowin;
Too late the ſtabil-dore I ſteik,
Quhen all the ſteids are ſtowin;
Too late ay, thair ſtate ay,
All fuliſh folk eſpy;
Behind ſae, they find ſae
Remeid, and ſae do I.

Gif I had ryplie bene advyſt,
I had not raſchly enterpryſt
To ſoir with borrowit penns;
Nor zet had ſeyd the archer-craft,
To ſchute myſell with ſik a ſchaft,
As reaſon quyte miſkenns.
Frae willfulneſs gaif me my wound,
I had no force to flie,
Then came I grainand to the ground;
Freind, welcum hame, quod he;
Quhair flew ze? Quhome flew ze?
Or quha brings hame the buiting?
I ſe now, quod he now,
Ze haif bene at the ſchuting.

As ſkorne cums commonlie with ſkaith,
Sa I behuift to byde them baith,
  Sae ſtakkering was my ſtait;
That undir cure I gat ſik chek,
Quhilk I micht nocht remuif nor nek,
  But eyther ſtail or mait:
My agony was ſae extreme,
  I ſwelt and ſwound for feir,
But or I walkynt of my dreme,
  He ſpulzied me of my geir;
    With ſlicht then, on hicht then,
    Sprang Cupid in the ſkyis,
    Forzetting, and ſetting
    At nocht my cairfull cryis.

Sae lang with ſicht I followit him,
Quhyle baith my dazelit eyis grew him,
  With ſtairing on the ſtarns,
Quhilk flew ſae thick befoir my ein,
Sum red, ſum zellow, blew, ſum grene,
  Quhilk trublit all my harns,
That every thing apperit twae
  To my barbulzeit brain;
But lang micht I ly luiking ſae,
  Or Cupid came again;
    Quhais thundering, with wondering,
    I hard up throw the air,
    Throw cluds ſo he thuds ſo,
    And flew I wiſt not quhair.

Then

Then frae I ſaw that god was gane,
And in a langour left allane,
And ſair tormentit to,
Sumtyme I ſicht, quhyl I was ſad,
Sumtyme I muſit, and maiſt gane mad,
I wiſt not quhat to do;
Sumtyme I ravit, half in a rage,
As ane into diſpair;
To be oppreſt with ſic a page,
Lord, gif my heart was ſair!
Like Dido, Cupido,
I widdill, and I warie,
Quha reft me, and left me,
In ſic a feirie-farie.

Then felt I Curage and Deſyre
Inflame my heart with uncouth fyre,
To me befoir unknawn:
But now nae blude in me remains
Unburnt and boyld within my vaines,
By Luve his bellies blawin;
To quhench it or I was devorit,
With ſichs I went about;
But ay the mair I ſchupe to ſmorit,
The baulder it brak out;
Ay preiſing bot ceiſing,
Quhyl it micht breik the bounds,
My hew ſo furth ſchew ſo
The dolour of my wounds.

With deidly viſage, pail and wan,
Mair lyke anatomy than man,
I widdert clein away;
As wax befoir the fyre, I felt
My heart within my boſom melt,
And peice and peice decay:
My veines with brangling lyk to brek,
My punſis lap with pith;
Sae fervency did me infek,
That I was vext thairwith:
My heart ay did ſtart ay,
The fyrie flamis to flie;
Ay howping, throw lowping,
To leap at libertie.

But, O alace! it was abuſit,
My cairfull corps keipt it incluiſt,
In preſoun of my breiſt;
With ſichs ſae ſowpit and owre-ſet,
Lyk to ane fiſch faſt in the net,
In deid-thraw undeceiſt;
Quha thocht in vain ſcho ſtryve by ſtrenth
For to pull out hir heid,
Quhilk profits naething at the length,
But haiſtning to hir deid;
With wriſting, and thirſting,
The faſter ſtill is ſcho;
Thair I ſo did ly ſo,
My death advancing to.

The mair I wreſtlit with the wind,
The faſter ſtill my ſelf I find,
  Nae mirth my mynd micht meiſe;
Mair noy nor I had nevir nane,
I was ſae altert and owre-gane,
  Throw drowth of my diſeiſe:
Zit weakly, as I micht, I raiſe,
  My ſicht grew dim and dark,
I ſtakkerit at the windill-ſtraes,
  Nae takin I was ſtark;
    Both ſichtles and michtles,
    I grew allmaiſt at ains;
    In angwiſche, I langwiſche,
    With mony grievous grains.

With ſober pace I did approche
Hard to the river and the roche,
  Quhairof I ſpak befoir:
The river ſic a murmur maid,
As to the ſea it ſaftly ſlaid,
  The craig hich, ſtay and ſchoir:
Then Pleaſure did me ſae provok
  Thair pairtly to repair,
Betwixt the river and the rock,
  Quhair Houp grew with Diſpaire:
    A trie than I ſie than,
    Of CHERRIES on the braes;
    Below to I ſaw to
    Ane buſs of bitter SLAES.

The Cherries hang abune my heid,
Like twynkland rubies round and reid,
  Sae hich up in the hewch;
Quhais ſchaddowis in the river ſchew,
Als graithly glancing as they grew,
  On trimbling twiſtis and tewch;
Quhilk bowed throw burding of thair birth,
  Declyning doun thair toppis;
Reflex of Phebus aff the Firth
  New colourit all their knoppis,
    With danſing and glanſing,
    In tyrles dornik champ,
    Quhilk ſtreimed and leimed,
    Throw lichtneſs of that lamp.

With earneſt eie, quhyl I eſpy
The fruit betwixt me and the ſky,
  Half-gaite almaiſt to hevin;
The craig ſae cumberſum to clim,
The trie ſae tall of growth, and trim,
  As ony arrow evin;
I calld to mynd, how Daphne did
  Within the laurell ſchrink;
Quhen from Apollo ſcho hir hid,
  A thouſand tymes I think:
    That trie thair, to me thair,
    As he his laurell thocht,
    Aſpyring, bot tyring,
    To get the fruit I ſocht.

V. 335. ſtreimaned. *R.*

To clim the craig it was nae buit,
Let be to preiſs to pull the fruit,
In top of all the trie;
I ſaw nae way quhairby to cum,
Be ony craft to get it clum,
Appeirandlie to me:
The craig was ugly, ſtay and dreich,
The trie lang, ſound and ſmall,
I was affrayd to clim ſa hich,
For feir to fetch a fall;
Affrayit to ſey it,
I luikit up on loft,
Quhyls minting, quhyls ſtinting,
My purpoſe changit oft.

Then Dreid, with Danger, and Diſpair,
Forbad my minting onie mair
To rax abune my reiche.
Quhat, tuſche, quod Curage, man, go to!
He is but daft that has to do,
And ſpairs for every ſpeiche:
For I haif aft hard ſuith men ſay,
And we may ſee ourſells,
That Fortune helps the hardy ay,
And pultrones plain repells;
Then feir nocht, nor heir nocht
Dread, Danger, or Diſpair,
To fazarts, hard hazarts
Is deid, or they cum thair.

Quha ſpeids, but ſic as heich aſpyris?
Quha triumphs nocht, but ſic as tyres
To win a nobill name?
Of ſchrinking quhat but ſhame ſucceids?
Then do as thou wald haif thy deids
In regiſter of Fame.
I put the cais, thou nocht prevaild,
Sae thou with honour die,
Thy lyfe, but not thy courage, faild,
Sall poets pen of thee:
Thy name than from fame than
Sall nevir be cut aff,
Thy graif ay ſall haif ay
That honeſt epitaff.

Quhat can thou loſſe, quhen honour lives?
Renown thy vertew ay revives,
Gif valiauntlie thou end.
Quoth Danger, Huly, freind, tak heid,
Untymous ſpurring ſpills the ſteid,
Tak tent quhat ze pretend:
Thoch Courage counſell thee to clim,
Beware thou kep nae ſkaith;
Haif thou nae help but Hope and him,
They may begyle thee baith:
Thyſell now may tell now
The counſell of thae clerks;
Quhairthrow zit, I trow zit,
Thy breiſt dois beir the marks.

V. 380. tryes. *R.*

Brunt bairn with fyre the danger dreids,
Sa I belief thy boſome bleids,
Sen laſt that fyre thou felt:
Beſyds that, ſeindle tymes thou ſeis,
That evir Courage keips the keis
Of knawledge at his belt;
Thocht he bid fordwart with his guns,
Small powder he provyds:
Be not ane novice of that nunnes
That ſaw not baith the ſyds:
Fule-haiſt ay, almaiſt ay,
Owre-fails the ſicht of ſum;
Quha huiks not, nor luiks not
Quhat eftirward may cum.

Zit wiſdom wiſches thee to wey
This figure in philoſophy,
A leſſoun worth to leir;
Quhilk is in tyme for to tak tent,
And not, quhen tyme is paſt, repent,
And buy repentance deir;
Is thair nae honour eftir lyfe,
Except thou ſlay thyſell?
Quhairfoir has Atropos that knyfe?
I trow thou can not tell:
Quha bot it wald cut it,
Quhilk Clotho ſkairs has ſpun,
Diſtroying thy joying,
Befoir it be begun?

All

All owres ar repute to be vyce
Owre hich, owre law, owre raſch, owre nyce,
Owre het, or zit owre cauld;
Thou ſeims unconſtant, be thy ſigns,
Thy thocht is on a thouſand things,
Thou wats not quhat thou wald;
Let Fame hir pitie on the poure,
Quhen all thy banes ar brokin;
Yon Slae, ſuppoſe thou think it ſoure,
May ſatisfie to ſlokkin
Thy drouth now of zouth now,
Quhilk dryes thee with deſyre:
Aſſwage than thy rage, man;
Foul watter quenches fyre.

Quhat fule art thou to die of thriſt,
And now may quench it, gif thou liſt,
Sae eaſylie bot pain!
Mair honour is to vanquiſch ane
Than feicht with tenſum, and be tane,
And owther hurt or ſlain.
The prattick is to bring to pas,
And not to enterpryſe;
And als gude drinking out of glas,
As gold, in ony ways:
I levir haif evir
A foul in hand or tway,
Nor ſieand ten flieand
About me all the day.

Luke quhair thou licht befoir thou lowp,
And ſlip na certainty for Howp,
  Quha gyds thee but begeſs.
Quod Courage, Cowards tak nae cure
To ſit with ſchame, ſae they be ſure;
  I lyke them all the leſs.
Quhat pleſure purcheſt is bot pain,
  Or honour won with eiſe?
He will not ly quhair he is ſlain,
  That douttis befoir he dies.
    For feir then, I heir then
    But only ane remeid,
    Quhilk latt is, and that is,
    For to cut aff the heid.

Quhat is the way to heil thy hurt?
Quhat is the way to ſtay thy ſturt?
  Quhat meins may mak thee merrie?
Quhat is the comfort that thou craivs?
Suppoſe thir ſophiſts thee deſaivs,
  Thou knaws it is the Cherrie:
Sen for it only thou but thriſts,
  The Slae can be nae buit;
In it alſo thy helth conſiſts,
  And in nae uther fruit.
    Quhy quaiks now, and ſchaiks thou,
    And ſtudys at our ſtryfe?
    Advyſe thee, it lyes thee
    On nae leſs than thy lyfe.

V. 470. win. *R.*

Gif

Gif any patient wald be panſt,
Quhy ſuld he lowp quhen he is lanſt,
Or ſchrink quhen he is ſchorn?
For I haif hard chirurgians ſay,
Aftymes defferring of a day
Micht not be mend the morn.
Tak tyme in time, or tyme be tint,
For tyme will not remain;
Quhat forces fyre out of the flint,
But als hard match again?
Delay not, and fray not,
And thou ſall ſie it ſae;
Sic gets ay that ſetts ay
Stout ſtomaks to the brae.

Thocht all beginnings be maiſt hard,
The end is pleſand afterward,
Then ſchrink not for a ſchowre;
Frae anes that thou thy greining get,
Thy pain and travel is forzet,
The ſweit exceids the ſoure:
Gae to then quicklie, feir not thir,
For Howp gude hap hes hecht.
Quod Danger, Be not ſudden, ſir,
The matter is of wecht:
Firſt ſpy baith, and try baith,
Advyſement does nane ill;
I ſay then, ye may then
Be willfull quhen ze will.

But zit to mynd the proverb call,
Quha uſes perrils periſh ſall,
  Schort quhyle thair lyfe them laſts.
And I haif hard, quod Howp, that he
Sall nevir ſchaip to ſail the ſe,
  That for all perrills caſts.
How mony throw Diſpair are deid,
  That nevir perrills preivt!
How mony alſo, gif thou reid,
  Of lyves have we releivt!
    Quha being evin dieing,
    Bot Danger, but diſpaird;
    A hunder, I wonder,
    But thou haſt hard declaird.

Gif we twa hald not up thy heart,
Quhilk is the cheif and nobleſt part,
  Thy wark wald not gang weil,
Conſidering thae companions can
Diſwade a ſilly ſimple man,
  To haſard for his heil.
Suppoſe they haif deſavit ſum,
  Or they and we micht meit,
They get nae credence quhair we cum,
  With ony man of ſpreit;
    By reaſoun thair treaſoun
    Be us is firſt eſpyt;
    Reveiling thair deiling,
    Quhilk dow not be denyt.

With ſleikit ſophiſms ſeiming ſweit,
As all thair doings war diſcreit,
They wiſh thee to be wyſe;
Poſtponing tyme frae hour to hour:
But faith, in underneath the flowr
The lurking ſerpent lyes;
Suppoſe thou ſeis her not a ſtyme,
Till that ſcho ſtings thy fute;
Perſaivs thou nocht quhat precious tyme
Thy ſlewthing does owreſchute.
Allace, man! thy caſe, man,
In lingring I lament:
Go to now, and do now,
That Courage be content.

Quhat gif Melancholy cum in,
And get ane grip or thou begin,
Than is thy labour loſt;
For he will hald thee hard and faſt,
Till tyme, and place, and fruit be paſt,
And thou give up the ghoſt:
Then ſall be graivd upon the ſtane,
Quhilk on thy graif is laid,
Sumtyme thair lived ſic a ane;
But how ſall it be ſaid?
Here lyes now, but pryſe now,
Into diſhonours bed,
A cowart, as thou art,
That from his fortune fled.

Imagyne,

Imagyne, man, gif thou wer laid
In graif, and ſyne micht heir this ſaid,
Wald thou not ſweit for ſchame?
Yes, faith, I doubt nocht but thou wald;
Therefoir, gif thou has ene, behald
How they wald ſmoir thy fame.
Gae to, and mak nae mair excuſe,
Or lyfe and honour loſe;
And outher them or us refuſe,
There is nae uther choſe:
Conſider, togidder
That we can nevir dwell,
At length ay, by ſtrenth ay,
The pultrones we expell.

Quod Danger, Sen I underſtand,
That counſell can be nae command,
I have nae mair to ſay;
Except gif that he thocht it good,
Tak counſel zit, or ze conclude,
Of wyſer men nor they;
They are but rackleſs, zung and raſche,
Suppoſe they think us fleid,
Gif of our fellowſchip zou faſche,
Gang with them hardly beit;
God ſpeid zou, they leid zou
That has not meikle wit;
Expell us, zeil tell us,
Heiraftir comes not zit.

Quhyle Danger and Diſpair retyrt,
Experience came in and ſpeirt
  Quhat all the matter meind:
With him came Reaſon, Wit and Skill;
And they began to ſpeir at Will,
  Quhair mak ze to my freind?
To pluck zone luſty Cherrie lo,
  Quod he, and quyte the Slae.
Quod they, Is there nae mair ado,
  Or ze win up the brae,
    But to it, and do it,
    Perforce the fruit to pluck?
    Weil, brother, ſum uther
    Were better to conduct.

We grant ze may be gude aneuch;
But zit the hazard of zon heuch,
  Requyris ane graver gyde;
As wyſe as ze are may gae wrang,
Thairfore tak counſaill or ze gang,
  Of ſum that ſtand beſyde.
But quha war zon three ze forbad
  Zour company richt now?
Quod Will, Three prechours to perſwad
  The poyſond Slae to pow.
    They trattlit, and prattellit,
    A lang half hour and mair;
    Foul fall them, they call them,
    Dreid, Danger and Diſpair.

They

They are mair faſchious nor of feck,
Zon fazards durſt not, for thair neck,
  Clim up the craig with us;
Frae we determinit to die,
Or elſe to clim zon Cherrie trie,
  They baid about the buſs.
They are conditiond lyk the cat,
  They wald not weit thair feit,
But zit gif ony fiſch ze gat,
  They wald be fain to eit.
    Thocht they now, I ſay now,
    To hazard haif nae heart,
    Zit luck we, and pluck we
    The fruit, they wald haif part.

But frae we get our voyage wun,
They ſall not than a Cherrie cun,
  That wald not enterpryſe.
Weil, quod Experience, ze boiſt;
But he that counts without his oiſt,
  He aftentymes counts twyſe.
Ze ſell the beirs ſkin on his back,
  But byde quhyle ze it get:
Quhen ze have done its tyme to crack,
  Ze fiſch befoir the net.
    Quhat haiſt, ſir, ze taiſt, ſir,
    The Cherry or ze pou it:
    Bewar zit, ze ar zit
    Mair talkative not trowit.

Call Danger back again, quod Skill,
To ſe quhat he can ſay to Will;
  We ſee him ſchod ſae ſtrait:
We may nocht trow quhat ilk ane tells.
Quod Courage, We concludit ells,
  He ſervis not for our mait;
For I can tell zou all perqueir,
  His counſail or he cume.
Quod Will, Quhairto ſoud he cum heir?
  He cannot hald him dum:
    He ſpeiks ay, and ſeiks ay
    Delay of tyme be drifts,
    He grievis us, and deivs us,
    With ſophiſtries and ſchifts.

Quod Reaſoun, Quhy was he debard?
The tale is ill may not be hard;
  Zet let us heir him anis.
Then Danger to declair began,
How Hope and Courage took the man,
  To leid him all thair lains.
For they wald haif him up the hill,
  Bot owther ſtap or ſtay;
And quha was welcomer than Will,
  He wald be formoſt ay;
    He could do, and ſould do,
    Quha evir wald or nocht;
Sic ſpeiding proceiding
Unlyklie was I thocht.

V. 668. hald his himdum. *R.*

Thairfor

Thairfor I wiſht them to bewar,
And raſhly not to run owre far,
Without ſic gyds as ze.
Quod Courage, Freind, I heir zou fail,
Tak bettir tent unto zour tale,
Ze ſaid it could not be;
Beſydis that ze wald not conſent,
That evir we ſuld clim.
Quod Will, For my pairt I repent
We ſaw them mair than him:
For they are the ſtayer
Of us, as weil as he;
I think now they ſchrink now,
Go forwart, let them be.

Go, go, we naithing do but gucks,
They ſay, the voyage nevir luks
Quhair ilk ane has a vote.
Quod Wiſdom, gravely, Sir, I grant,
We were nae warſe zour vote to want,
Sum ſentance heir I note:
Suppoſe ze ſpeak it but begeſs,
Sume fruit thairin I fynd;
Ze wald be forward I confeſs,
And cums aftymis behynd.
It may be, that they be
Deſavit that nevir doutit:
Indeid, ſir, that heid, ſir,
Has mekle wit about it.

Then

Then willful Will began to rage,
And ſware, he ſaw naithing in age,
But anger, yre, and grudge;
And for my ſell, quod he, I ſweir
To quit all my companzions heir,
Gif they admit zou judge.
Experience is grown ſae auld,
That he begins to rave;
The laif, but Courage, are ſae cauld,
Nae hazarding they haif:
For Danger, far ſtranger
Hath made them than they war;
Gae frae then, we pray then,
That nowther dow nor dar.

Quhy may not theſe three leid this ane?
I led an hunder myne alane,
Bot counſal of them all.
I grant, quod Wiſdom, ze haif led,
But I wald ſpeir how mony ſped,
Or furdert bot a fall:
But owther few, or nane I trow,
Experience can tell;
He ſays the man may wyte but zou,
The firſt tyme that he fell;
He kens then, quhais penns then,
Thou borrowit him to flee;
His wounds zet, that ſtounds zet,
He gat them then throu thee.

That, quod Experience, is trew;
Will flatterit him, quhen firſt he flew,
  Will ſet him in a low;
Will was his counſell and convoy,
To borrow frae the blindit boy,
  Baith quaver, wings, and bow:
Quhairwith before he ſeyd to ſhute,
  He nowther zield to zouth,
Nor zet had neid of ony fruit,
  To quench his deidlie drouth;
    Quhilk pyns him, and dwyns him
    To deid, I wate not how:
    Gif Will then did ill then,
    Himſelf remembers now.

For I Experience was thair,
Lyke as I uſe to be all quhair,
  Quhat tyme he wytit Will,
To be the grund of all his greif;
As I my ſelf can be a preif,
  And witneſs thairuntil:
Thair are nae bounds but I haif bene,
  Nor hidlings frae me hid,
Nor ſecret things but I haif ſene,
  That he or ony did.
    Thairfoir now no moir now
    Let him think to conceild;
    For quhy now, even I now
    Am det bound to reveild.

My

My cuſtome is for to declair
The truth, and nowther eik nor pare,
For ony man, a jot:
Gif wilful Will delyts in leis,
Example in thy ſelf thou ſeis,
How he can turn his coat;
And with his language wald alure
Thee zet to brek thy bains:
Thou knaws thy ſelf, gif he 'be' ſure,
Thou uſd his counſell anes:
Quha wald zet be bauld zet,
To wrak thee, war not we.
Think on now of zon now,
Quod Wiſdom then to me.

Weil, quod Experience, gif he
Submits himſelf to you and me,
I wate quhat I ſould ſay;
Our gude advyſe he ſall not want,
Provyding always that he grant
To put zon Will away;
And baniſch baith him and Diſpair,
That all gude purpoſe ſpills;
Sae he will mell with them nae mair,
Let them twa flyte thair fills:
Sic coiffing, bot loffing,
All honeſt men may uſe.
That change now were ſtrange now,
Quod Reaſon, to refuſe.

V. 779. was. *R.*

Quod Will, Fy on him, quhen he flew,
That poud not Cherries then anew,
For to haif ſtayd his ſturt.
Quod Reaſon, Thocht he bear the blame,
He nowther ſaw nor neidit them,
Till he himſelf had hurt.
Firſt, quhen he miſtert not, he micht;
He neids, and may [not], now:
Thy foly, quhen he had his flicht,
Empaſhed him to pow.
Baith he now and we now
Perſaive thy purpoſe plain,
To turn him, and burn him,
And blaw on him again.

Quod Skill, Quhy ſuld we langer ſtryve?
Far better late than never thryve,
Cum let us help him zit:
Tint tyme we may not get again,
We waſt but preſent tyme in vain.
Beware with that, quod Wit;
Speik on, Experience, lets ſe,
We think ze hald ze dum.
Of byganes I haif hard, quod he,
I knaw not things to cum.
Quod Reaſon, The ſeaſon
With ſlowthing ſlyds away:
Firſt tak him, and mak him
A man, gif that ze may.

Quod

Quod Will, Gif he be not a man,
I pray zou, firs, quhat is he than?
He lukes lyke ane at leiſt.
Quod Reaſon, Gif he follow thee,
And mynd not to remain with me,
Nocht but a brutal beiſt:
A man in ſchape doth not conſiſt,
For all zour taunting tales;
Thairfoir, ſr Will, I wald ze wiſt
Zour metaphyſick fails.
Gae leir zit a zeir zit,
Zour logick at the ſchulis;
Sum day then, ze may then
Paſs maſter with the mulis.

Quod Will, I marvell quhat ze mein;
Suld not I trow my ain twa een,
For all zour logick ſchulis?
If I did not, I war not wyſe.
Quod Reaſon, I haif tald zou thryſe,
Nane ferlies mair than fulis:
Thair be mae ſences than the ſicht,
Quhilk ze owre-hale for haſte,
To wit, gif ze remember richt,
Smell, heiring, touch, and taſte:
All quick things haif ſic things,
I mein baith man and beiſt;
By kynd then we fynd then
Few laks them in the leiſt.

Sae be that conſequens of thyne,
Or ſyllogiſm ſaid lyke a ſwine,
A cow may teach thee lair;
Thou uſes only but thyne eies,
Scho touches, taſtes, ſmells, heirs, and ſeis,
Quhilk matches thee and mair.
But ſince to triumph ze intend,
As preſently appeirs,
Sir, for zour clergie to be kend,
Tak ze twa aſſes eirs;
Nae myter perfyter
Gat Midas for his meid;
That hude, ſir, is gude, ſir,
To hap zour brain-ſick heid.

Ze haif nae feil for to defyne,
Thoch ze haif cunning to declyne
A man to be a mule:
With little wark zit ze may vowd,
To grow a galant horſe and gude,
To ryde thairon at Zule.
But to our ground quhair we began;
For all zour guſtleſs jeſts,
I muſt be maſter to the man,
But thou to brutall beiſts.
Sae we twae maun be twae,
To cauſe baith kynds be knawn;
Keip thyne then frae myne then,
And ilk ane uſe thair awin.

Then Will, as angrie as an ape,
Ran ramping, ſweiring, rude and rape,
Saw he none other ſchift;
He wald not want ane inch of will,
Quhither it did him gude or ill,
For thirty of his thrift:
He wald be formoiſt in the feild,
And maiſter, gif be micht;
Yea he ſuld rather die than zield,
Though Reaſon had the richt.
Shall he now mak me now
His ſubject or his ſlaif?
Na, rather my father
Shall quick gang to his graif.

I hecht him, quhyle my heart is heal,
To periſch firſt or he prevail,
Cum after quhat ſo may.
Quod Reaſon, Dout ze not indeed,
Ze hit the nail upon the heid,
It ſall be as ze ſay.
Suppoſe ze ſpur for to aſpyre,
Zour brydle wants a bit;
That meir may leif zou in the myre,
As ſicker as ze ſit:
Zour ſentance repentance
Sall learn zou, I believe,
And anger zou langer,
Quhen ze that pratick prieve.

As ze haif dyted zour decreit,
Zour propheſie to be complete,
Perhaps, and to zour pains.
It has bein ſaid, and may be ſae,
A wilfull man wants nevir wae,
Thocht he gets litle gains.
But ſen ze think it eaſy thing
To mount aboif the mune,
Of zour awin fidle tak a ſpring,
And daunce quhen ze haif done:
If than, ſir, the man, ſir,
Lykes of zour mirth, he may;
But ſpeir firſt, and heir firſt,
Quhat he himſell will ſay.

Then all togither they began,
To ſay, Cum on, thou martyrit man,
Quhat is thy will, advyſe?
Abaiſd a bony quhyle I baid,
And muſd or I my anſwer maid,
I turnd me anes or twyſe,
Behalding ilky ane about,
Quhais motions muvit me maiſt,
Sum ſeimd aſſurd, ſum dred for dout,
Will ran reid-wod for haiſt:
With wringing and flinging,
For madneſs lyke to mang;
Diſpair to, for care to,
Wald neids himſell gae hang.

Quhilk

Quhilk quhen Experience perſavit,
Quod he, Remember gif we ravit,
As Will alledgt of lait;
Quhen that he ſware he naething ſaw,
In age, but anger, ſlak and ſlaw,
And cankert of conſait:
Ze could not luck, as he aledgt,
That all opinions ſpeirt;
He was ſae frak, and fyrie edgt,
He thocht us four but feirt:
Quha panſis, quhat chanſis,
Quod he, nae worſchip wins,
To ſum beſt ſall cum beſt,
That hap weil rak weil rins.

Zit quod Experience, behald,
For all the tales that he has tald,
How he himſell behaifs;
Becauſe Diſpair could not cum ſpeid,
Lo quhair he hangs all but the heid,
And in a widdie waifs:
Gif zou be ſure anes thou may ſe,
To men that with them mells,
Gif they had hurt or helpit thee,
Conſidder be themſells.
Then chuſe thee, to uſe thee
By us, or ſic as zone;
Say ſone now, haif done now,
Make owther aff or on.

Perſaves thou not, quhairfrae proceids
That frantick fantaſie that feids
Thy furious flaming fyre;
Quhilk dois thy bailfull breiſt combuir,
That nane but we, quod they, can cuir,
Or help thy hearts diſyre?
The perſing paſſion of thy ſpreit,
That waiſts thy vital breath,
Has holit thy heavy heart with heit,
Deſyre draws on thy death.
Thy puncis renouncis
All kynd of quiet reſt;
That fever has ever
Thy perſon ſae oppreſt.

Coud thou cum anes acquaint with Skill,
He kens quhat humors dois the ill,
And how thy cair contracks;
He knaws the ground of all thy greife,
And recipies for thy releife,
All medicines he maks.
Cum on, quod Skill, content am I
To put my helping hand,
Providing allways he apply
To counſell and command.
Quhyle we than, quod he than,
Ar mindit to remain,
Gife place now, in caſe now
Thou get us not again.

Aſſure thyſell, gif that we ſched,
Thou ſall not get thy purpoſe ſped,
Tak tent, we haif thee tald;
Haif done, and dryve not aff the day,
The man that will not quhen he may,
He ſall not quhen he wald.
Quhat wald thou do? I wald we wiſt;
Accept, or gife us owre.
Quod I, I think me mair than bliſt
To find ſic famous four
Beſyde me, to gyde me,
Now quhen I haif to do,
Conſiddering the ſwiddering
Ze fand me firſt into.

Quhen Courage craift, a ſtamok ſtout,
And Danger draif me into dout,
With his companzion Dreid;
Quhyls Will wald up aboif the air,
Quhyls I was dround in deip diſpair,
Quhyls Hope held up my heid:
Sic pithy reſouns and replys,
On ilka ſyde, they ſchew,
That I, quha was not verie wyſe,
Thocht all thair tales wer trew;
Sae mony and bony
Auld problemes they propond,
Baith quicklie and liklie,
I marveld meikle ond.

Zit Hope and Courage wan the feild,
Thocht Dreid and Danger neir wald yeild,
But fled to find refuge:
Swa, fra zon four met, they wer fain,
Becauſe ze gart us cum again,
They greind to get ze juge.
Quhair they wer fugitive befoir,
Zou maid them frank and fre
To ſpeik, and ſtand in aw nae moir.
Quod Reaſon, Swa ſuld be:
Aft tymes now, bot crymes now,
But even per force it falls;
The ſtrang ay, with wrang ay,
Put weaker to the walls.

Quhilk is a fault ze maun confeſs,
Strength is not ordaind to oppreſs
With rigour, bye the richt;
But, on the contrair, to ſuſtein
The waik-anes, that owreburdent bein,
Als mekle as they micht.
Sae Hope and Courage did, quod I,
Experimented lyke,
Schaw ſkilld and pithie reſouns quhy,
That Danger lap the dyke.
Quod Dreid, Sir, tak heid, ſir,
Lang ſpeiking part maun ſpill:
Inſiſt not, ze wiſt not,
We went againſt our will.

With

With Courage ze wer ſae content,
Ze nevir ſocht our ſmall conſent,
Of us ze ſtude nae aw;
Thair logick leſſons ze allowt,
Ze wer determined to trowit,
Alledgence paſt for law.
For all the proverbs we peruſd,
Ze thocht them ſkantly ſkilld;
Our reaſons had bein als weil ruſd,
Had ze bein as weil willd
Till our ſyde, as zour ſyde,
Sae trewlie I may term it,
We ſee now in thee now
Affection dois affirm it.

Experience then ſmyrkling ſmyld,
We are nae bairns to be begyld,
Quod he, and ſchuke his heid;
For authors quha alledges us,
They wald not gae about the buſs
To foſter deidlie feid:
For we ar equall for ze all,
Nae perſon we reſpect;
We haif bene ſae, ar zit, and ſall
Be found ſae in effect.
Gif we wer as ze wer,
We had cum unrequyrd;
But we now, ze ſee now,
Do naithing undefyrd.

Thair is a ſentence ſaid be ſum,
Let nane uncalld to counſell cum,
That welcum weins to be;
Zea, I haif hard anither zit,
Quha cum uncallt unſervd ſuld ſit,
Perhaps, ſir, ſae may ze.
Gude man, gramercy for your geck,
Quod Hope, and lawly louts;
Gif ze wer ſent for, we ſuſpect,
Becauſe the doctour douts:
Zour yeirs now appeirs now
With wiſdom to be vext,
Rejoycing in gloſſing,
Till ze haif tint zour text.

Quhair ze wer ſent for, let us ſe,
Quha wald be welcomer than we,
Pruve that, and we ar payd.
Weill, quod Experience, beware,
Ze ken not in quhat caſe ze are,
Zour tung has zou betrayd:
The man may ablens tyne a ſtot,
That cannot count his kinſch,
In zour awin bow ye ar owre-ſchot,
Be mair than half ane inch:
Quha wats, ſir, if that, ſir,
Be ſour, quhilk ſeimeth ſweit;
I feir now, ze heir now
A dangerous decreit.

Sir, by that ſentence ze haif ſayd,
I pledge, or all the play be playd,
That ſum ſall loſe a laike;
Sen ze but put me for to pruve
Sic heids as help for my behuve,
Zour warrand is but waik:
Speir at the man zour ſelf, and ſe,
Suppoſe ze ſtryve for ſtate,
Gif he regarded not, how he
Had learnd my leſſon late;
And granted, he wanted
Baith Reaſon, Wit and Skill,
Compleining, and meining
Our abſence did him ill.

Confront him furder face to face,
Gif zit he rews his rackles race,
Perhaps, and ze ſall heir;
For ay ſince Adam and ſince Eve,
Quha firſt thy leiſings did believe,
I ſald thy doctrine deir.
Quhat has bein done, even to this day,
I keip in mynd allmaiſt:
Ze promiſe furder than ze pay,
Sir Hope, for all zour haiſt;
Promitting, unwitting,
Zour hechts zou nevir huiked:
I ſchaw zou, I knaw zou,
Zour byganes I haif buiked.

I could, in caſe a count wer craivt,
Schaw thouſands thouſands thou deſaivt,
Quhair thou was trew to ane;
And, by the contrair, I may vaunt,
Quhilk thou maun, thocht it greive thee, grant,
I trumpit nevir a man;
But trewly tald the nakit truth
To men that melld with me,
For nowther rigour nor for rueth,
But only laith to lie.
To ſum zit, to cum zit,
Thy ſuckour will be ſlicht,
Quhilk I then maun try then,
And regiſter it richt.

Ha, ha! quod Hope, and loudlie leuch,
Ze are but a prentiſe at the pleuch,
Experience, ye prieve;
Suppoſe all byganes as ze ſpak,
Ze are nae prophet worth a plak,
Nor I bund to believe:
Ze ſuld not ſay, ſir, till ze ſe,
But quhen ye ſe it ſay.
Zit, quod Experience, at thee
Mak mony mints I may,
By ſigns now, and things now,
Quhilk ay befoir me beirs,
Expreſſing, by gueſſing,
The perril that appeirs.

Then Hope replyd, and that with pith,
And wyſelie weyd his words thairwith,
Sententiouſlie and ſhort:
Quod he, I am the anchor grip,
That ſaifs the ſailours, and thair ſhip,
From perril to thair port.
Quod he, Aft times that anchor dryves,
As we haif fund befoir;
And loſes mony thouſand lyves,
By ſhipwrack on the ſhore:
Zour grips aft, but ſlips aft
Quhen men haif maiſt to do;
Syne leivs them, and reivs them,
Of thy companzions to.

Thou leifs them not thyſelf alane,
But, to thair grief, quhen thou art gane,
Gars Courage quhat them als.
Quod Hope, I wald ze underſtude,
I grip faſt, gif the grund be gude,
And ſleit quhair it is falſe.
Ther ſuld nae fault with me be fund,
Nor I accuſd at all,
Wyte ſic as ſuld haif plumd the grund,
Befoir the anchor fall;
Their leid ay, at neid ay,
Micht warn them, if they wald,
Gif they thair wald ſtay thair,
Or haif gude anchor hald.

Gif ze reid richt, it was not I,
But only Ignorance, quhairby
Thair carvels all wer cloven:
I am not for a trumper tane.
All, quod Experience, is ane,
I haif my proceſs proven;
To wit, that we wer cald ilk ane,
To come before we came;
That now objection ze haif nane,
Zour ſelf may ſay the ſame.
Ze are now, owre far now,
Cum forward for to flie;
Perſave then, ze haif then,
The warſt end of the trie.

Quhen Hope was gawd into the quick,
Quod Curage, kicking at the prick,
We let ze weil to wit,
Mak he zou welcomer than we
Then byganes, byganes, fareweil he,
Except he ſeik us zit:
He underſtands his awn eſtate,
Let him his chiftains chuſe;
But zit his battill will be blate,
Gif he our forſs refuſe.
Refuſe us, or chuſe us,
Our counſell is, he clim;
But ſtay he, or ſtray he,
We haif nae help for him.

Except the Cherrie be his choſe,
Be ze his freinds, we are his foes;
His doings we diſpyte:
Gif we perſave him ſettled ſae,
To ſatisfie him with the Slae,
His companie we quyte.
Then Dreid and Danger grew full glad,
And wont that they had won;
They thocht all ſeild that they had ſaid,
Sen they had firſt begun:
They thocht then, they moucht then
Without a party pleid;
But zit thair, with Wit thair,
They wer dung doun with ſpeid.

Sirs, Dreid and Danger, then quod Wit,
Ze did yourſells to me ſubmit,
Experience can proife.
That, quod Experience, I paſt,
Their awin confeſſions make them faſt,
They may nae mair remoife.
For, gif I richt remember me,
This maxime then they made,
To wit, the man with Wit ſould wey
Quhat philoſophs haif ſaid.
Quhilk ſentance repentance
Forbad him deir to buy;
They knew then how trew then,
And preſſd not to reply.

Thocht he dang Dreid and Danger doun,
Zit Courage could not be owrecum,
  Hope hecht him ſic a hyre;
He thocht himſell, how ſone he ſaw
His enemies were laid ſae law,
  It was nae tyme to tyre:
He hit the yron quhyle it was het,
  In caſe it ſould grow cauld;
For he eſteemt his faes defate,
  Quhen anes he fand them fald.
    Thoch we now, quod he now,
    Haif bein ſae frie and frank,
    Unſocht zit, he mocht zit
    For kyndneſs cund us thank.

Suppoſe it ſae as thou haſt ſaid,
That unrequyrd we proffert aid,
  At leiſt that came of luve.
Experience, ze ſtart owre ſone;
Ze naething dow till all be done,
  And then perhaps ze pruve
Mair plain than pleaſant to, perchance,
  Sum tell, that have zou tryt;
As faſt as ze your ſell advance,
  Ze can not weil denyt:
    Abyde then zour tyde then,
    And wait upon the wind:
    Ze knaw, ſir, ze aw, ſir,
    To hald ze ay behind.

Quhen

Quhen ze haif done ſum duchtie deids,
Syne ze ſuld ſe how all ſucceids,
To wryt them as they wer.
Friend, huly, haſt not half ſae faſt,
Leſt, quod Experience, at laſt
Ze buy my doctrine deir.
Hope puts that haſte into zour head,
Quhilk boyls your barmy brain:
Howbeit fulis haſt cums huly ſpeid,
Fair hechts will mak fulis fain.
Sic ſmyling, begyling,
Bids feir not any freits;
Zit I now deny now
That all is gold that gleits.

Suppoſe not ſilver all that ſhynes;
Aftymes a tentleſs merchand tynes,
For bying geir begeſs.
For all the vantage and the winning,
Gude buyers get at the beginning.
Quod Courage, Nocht the leſs;
Quhyls as gude merchants tynes as wins,
Gif auld mens tales be trew:
Suppoſe the pack cum to the pins,
Quha can his chance eſchew?
Then, gude ſir, conclude, ſir,
Gude buyers haif done baith:
Advance then, tak chance then,
As ſundrie gude ſhips hath.

Quha wiſt quhat wald be cheip or deir,
Should neid to traffique but a zeir,
Gif things to cum were kend.
Suppoſe all bygane things be plain,
Zour propheſie is but prophane,
Ze had beſt behald the end.
Ze wald accuſe me of a cryme,
Almaiſt befoir we met;
Torment 'me' not befoir the tyme,
Since dolour pays nae det:
Quhats bypaſt, that I paſt,
Ze wot gif it was weil,
To cum zit, by dume zit,
Confeſs ze haif nae feil.

Zit, quod Experience, quhat then?
Quha may be meiteſt for the Man,
Let us his anſwer haif.
Quhen they ſubmitted them to me,
To Reaſon I was fain to flie,
His counſell for to craif.
Quod he, Since ze zourſells ſubmit,
To do as I decreit;
I ſall advyſe with Skill and Wit,
Quhat they think may be meit.
They cryd then, We byde then
At Reaſon for refuge;
Allow him, and trow him,
As governour and juge.

V. 1311. zou. *R.*

Then

Then ſaid they all with ane conſent,
Quhat he concludes we are content
His bidding to obey;
He hath authoritie to uſe,
Then tak his choice quhom he will chuſe,
And langer not delay.
Then Reaſon raiſe, and was rejoyſd,
Quod he, Myne hearts cum hidder,
I hope this pley may be compoſd,
That we may gang togidder.
To all now I ſall now
His proper place aſſign,
That they heir ſall ſay heir,
They think nane uther thing.

Come on, quoth he, companzion Skill,
Ze underſtand baith gude and ill,
In phyſick ze are fyne;
Be mediciner to the man,
And ſchaw ſic cunning as ze can,
To put him out of pyne.
Firſt gaird the grund of all his grief,
Quhat ſicknes ze ſuſpect;
Syn luke quhat laiks for his relief,
Or furder he infeck.
Comfort him, exhort him,
Give him zour gude advyce;
And pance not, nor ſkance not
The perril nor the pryce.

Thoch it be cummerſom, quhat reck?
Find out the cauſe by the effect,
  And working of his veins;
Zit quhyle we grip it to the grund,
Se firſt quhat faſhion may be fund
  To pacifie his pains;
Do quhat ye dow to haif him haile,
  And for that purpoſe preiſe;
Cut aff the cauſe, the effect maun fail,
  Sae all his ſorrows ceiſe.
    His fever ſall nevir
    Frae thencefurth haif a forſs,
    Then urge him to purge him,
    He will not wax the warſe.

Quoth Skill, His ſences are ſae ſick,
I knaw nae liquor worth a leik,
  To quench his deidlie drouth;
Except the Cherrie help his heit,
Quhais ſappie ſlokning, ſharp and ſweit,
  Micht melt into his mouth,
And his melancholie remuve,
  To mitigate his mynd;
Nane hailſomer for his behuve,
  Nor of mair cooling kynd:
    Nae nectar directar
    Could all the gods him give,
    Nor ſend him, to mend him,
    Nane lyke it, I believe.

For

For drouth decays as it digeſts.
Quhy then, quod Reaſon, naithing reſts,
But how it may be had.
Maiſt true, quod Skill, that is the ſcope,
Zit we maun haif ſum help of Hope.
Quod Danger, I am red,
His haſtyneſs breeds us miſhap,
Quhen he is highlie horſt;
I wiſs we lukit or we lap.
Quod Wit, That wer not warſt:
I mein now, convein now
The counſell, ane and all:
Begin then, call in then.
Quod Reaſon, Sae I ſall.

Then Reaſon raiſe with geſture grave,
Belyve conveining all the lave,
To heir quhat they wald ſay,
With ſilver ſcepter in his hand,
As chiftain choſen to command,
And they bent to obey.
He panſed lang befoir he ſpak,
And in a ſtudie ſtude;
Syne he began and ſilenſs brak,
Cum on, quod he, conclude,
Quhat way now we may now
Zon Cherrie cum to catch:
Speik out, ſirs, about, ſirs,
Haif done, let us diſpatch.

Quoth Courage, Skurge him firſt that ſkars,
Much muſing memory but mars;
I tell zou myne intent.
Quod Wit, Quha will not partly panſe,
In perils periſhes perchanſe;
Owre rackles may repent.
Then, quod Experience, and ſpak,
Sir, I have ſein them baith
In braidiedieneſs, and lye aback,
Eſcape and cum to ſkaith:
But quhat now of that now?
Sturt follows all extreams;
Retain then the mein then,
The ſureſt way it ſeims.

Quhair ſum has furderd, ſum has faild,
Quhair part has periſht, part prevaild,
Alyke all cannot luck;
Then owther venture with the ane,
Or with the uther let alane,
The Cherrie for to pluck.
Quod Houp, For feir folk maun not faſh.
Quod Danger, Let not licht.
Quod Wit, Be nowther rude not raſh.
Quod Reaſon, Ze haif richt.
The reſt then thocht beſt then,
Quhen Reaſon ſaid it ſae,
That roundlie and ſoundlie,
They ſuld togidder gae.

To get the Cherrie in all haſt,
As for my ſaftie ſerving maiſt.
  Tho Dreid and Danger feird
The perril of that irkſom way,
Leſt that thairby I ſould decay,
  Quha then ſae weak appeird:
Zit Hope and Courage hard beſyde,
  Quha with them wont contend,
Did tak in hand us all to gyde
  Unto our journeys end;
    Implaidging, and waidging
    Baith twa thair lyves for myne,
    Provyding the gyding
    To them were granted ſyne.

Then Dreid and Danger did appeal,
Alledging it could neir be weil,
  Nor zet wald they agrie;
But ſaid they ſould ſound thair retreit,
Becauſe they thocht them nae ways meit
  Conducters unto me;
Nor to no man in myne eſtate,
  With ſickneſs ſair oppreſt;
For they tuke ay the neireſt gate
  Omitting of the beſt:
    Thair neireſt perqueireſt
    Is always to them baith,
    Quair they, ſir, may ſay, ſir,
    Quhat recks them of zour ſkaith.

But

But as for us twa, now we ſweir,
Be him befoir we maun appeir,
Our full intent is now
To haif ze hale, and always was,
That purpoſe for to bring to paſs,
Sae is not thairs I trow.
Then Hope and Courage did atteſt
The gods of baith theſe parts,
Gif they wrocht not all for the beſt
Of me with upricht hearts:
Our chiftain, then liftan
His ſcepter, did enjoyn
Nae moir thair uproir there,
And ſae their ſtryf was done.

Rebuiking Dreid and Danger ſair,
Suppoſe they meint weil evirmair
To me, as they had ſworn;
Becauſe thair nibours they abuſit,
In ſwa far as they had accuſit
Them, as ze hard beforn.
Did he not els, quod he, conſent,
The Cherrie for to pou?
Quod Danger, We are weil content,
But zit the manner how?
We ſall now, evin all now,
Get this man with us thair;
It reſts then, ands beſt then,
Zour counſell to declair.

V. 1484. there. *R.*

Weil

Weil ſaid, quod Hope and Courage, now
We thairto will accord with zou,
And ſall abyde by them;
Lyk as befoir we did ſubmit,
Sae we repeit the ſamyn zit,
We mynd not to reclaime:
Quhome they ſall chuſe to gyde the way,
We ſall them follow ſtraight,
And furder this man, quhat we may,
Becauſe we haif ſae hecht:
Promitting, bot flitting,
To do the thing we can,
To pleiſe baith, and eiſe baith,
This fillie ſickly man.

Quhen Reaſon heard this, Then, quod he,
I ſe zour cheifeſt ſtay to be,
That we haif namd nae gyde:
The worthy counſell hath therfoir,
Thocht gude that Witt ſuld gae befoir,
For perrills to provyde.
Quod Witt, Ther is but ane of thre,
Quhilk I ſall to ze ſchaw,
Quhairof the firſt twa cannot be,
For ony thing I knaw:
The way heir ſae ſtey heir
Is that we cannot clim,
Evin owre now, we four now,
That will be hard for him.

The next, gif we gae doun about,
Quhyle that this bend of craigs rin out,
The ſtreim is thair ſae ſtark,
And alſo paſſeth waiding deip,
And braider far than we dow leap,
It ſuld be ydle wark:
It grows ay braider to the ſea,
Sen owre the lin it came;
The rinning deid dois ſignifie
The deipneſs of the ſame.
I leive now, to deive now,
How that it ſwiftly ſlyds,
As ſleiping and creiping,
But Nature ſae provyds.

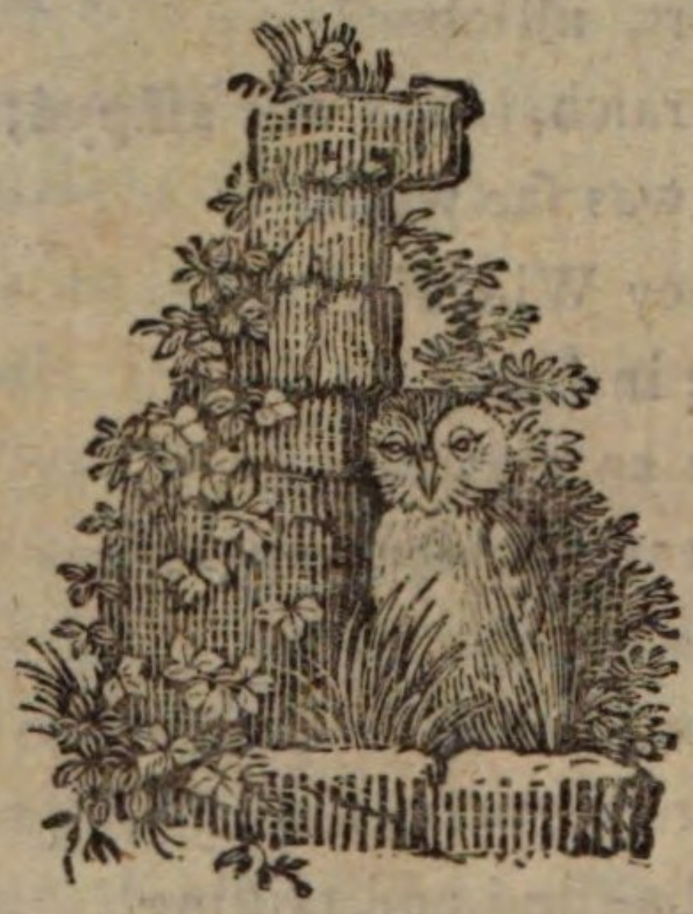
Our way then lyes about the lin,
Quhairby I warrand we ſall win,
It is ſae ſtraight and plain:
The watter allſo is ſae ſchald,
We ſall it paſs, evin as we wald,
With pleſour, and bot pain:
For as we ſe a miſcheif grow
Aft of a feckles thing,
Sae lykways dois this river flow
Forth of a prettie ſpring;
Quhois throt, ſir, I wot, ſir,
Ze may ſtap with your neive;
As zou, ſir, I trow, ſir,
Experience can preive.

That,

That, quod Experience, I can,
All that ze ſaid ſen ze began
I ken to be a truth.
Quod Skill, The ſamyn I apruve.
Quod Reaſon, Then let us remuve,
And ſleip nae mair in ſleuth.
Witt and Experience, quod he,
Sall gae befoir a pace;
The Man ſall cum with Skill and me
Into the ſecond place.
Attowre now, zou four now
Sall cum into a band,
Proceiding, and leiding
Ilk uther be the hand.

As Reaſon ordert, all obeyd;
Nane was owre raſch, nane was affrayd,
Our counſell was ſae wyſe;
As of our journey Witt did note,
We fand it true in ilka jot,
God bliſs the enterpryſe.
For evin as we came to the tree,
Quhilk, as ze heard me tell,
Could not be clum, thair ſuddenlie
The fruit, for rypeneſs, fell;
Quhilk haiſting and taiſting,
I fand my ſelf relievd
Of cairs all, and fairs all,
That mynd and body grievd.

Praiſe be to God my Lord thairfoir,
Quha did myne helth to me reſtoir,
  Being ſae lang tyme pynd;
And bleſſed be His Haly Name,
Quha did frae deith to lyfe reclaim
  Me quha was ſae unkynd.
All nations allſo magnifie
  This evirliving Lord;
Lat me with zou, and zou with me,
  To laud Him ay accord;
    Quhois luve ay we pruve ay
    To us abune all things;
    And kiſs Him, and bliſs Him,
    Quhois glore eternall rings.



SONNET.

[TO PRINCE HENRY.]

BY KING JAMES VI.*

From the " Βασιλικον Δωρον," 1603.

GOD giues not Kings the ſtile of Gods in vaine,
For on his throne his Scepter doe they ſwey:
And as their ſubiects ought them to obey,
So Kings ſhould feare and ſerue their God againe.
If then ye would enioy a happie raigne,
Obſerue the ſtatutes of your heauenly King;
And from his Law make all your Lawes to ſpring:
Since his Lieuetenant here ye ſhould remaine,
Reward the iuſt, be ſtedfaſt, true and plaine;
Repreſſe the proud, maintayning aye the right;
Walke alwaies ſo, as euer in his ſight,
Who guards the godly, plaguing the prophane:
And ſo ye ſhall in Princely vertue ſhine,
Reſembling right your mightie King Diuine.

* *Born* 1566; *dyed* 1625.

ON LOVE.

BY SIR ROBERT AITON.*

From "A .. collection of ... Scots Poems", 1706, &c.

THERE is no worldly pleaſure here below,
Which by experience doth not folly prove;
But amongſt all the follies that I know,
The ſweeteſt folly in the world is love:
But not that paſſion which with fools conſent
Above the reaſon bears imperious ſway,
Making their lifetime a perpetual Lent,
As if a man were born to faſt and pray.
No, that is not the humour I approve,
As either yielding pleaſure or promotion;
I like a mild and lukewarm zeal in love,
Altho' I do not like it in devotion:
For it has no coherence with my creed,
To think that lovers die as they pretend;
If all, that ſay they dy, had dy'd indeed,
Sure long ere now the world had had an end.
Beſides, we need not love but if we pleaſe,
No deſtiny can force mens diſpoſition;
And how can any die of that diſeaſe,
Whereof himſelf may be his own phyſician.
But ſome ſeems ſo diſtracted of their wits,
That I would think it but a venial ſin
To take ſome of thoſe innocents that ſits
In Bedlam out, and put ſome lovers in.

Born 1570; *dyed* 1638.

Yet

Yet ſome men, rather than incur the ſlander
Of true apoſtates, will falſe martyrs prove,
But I am neither Iphis nor Leander,
I'll neither drown nor hang my ſelf for love.
Methinks a wiſe man's actions ſhould be ſuch
As always yields to reaſon's beſt advice,
Now for to love too little or too much
Are both extreams, and all extreams are vice.
Yet have I been a lover by report,
Yea I have dy'd for love, as others do;
But, prais'd be God, it was in ſuch a ſort,
That I reviv'd within an hour or two.
Thus have I liv'd, thus have I lov'd, 'till now,
And find no reaſon to repent me yet;
And whoſoever otherways will do,
His courage is as little as his wit.

ON A WOMAN'S INCONSTANCY.

BY THE SAME.

From the ſame collection.

I Lov'd thee once, I'll love no more,
Thine be the grief, as is the blame;
Thou art not what thou waſt before,
What reaſon I ſhould be the ſame?
He that can love unlov'd again
Hath better ſtore of love than brain.
God ſend me love my debts to pay,
While unthrifts fools their love away.

Nothing could have my love o'erthrown,
If thou had ſtill continued mine;
Yea, if thou had remain'd thy own,
I might perchance have yet been thine.
But thou thy freedom did recal,
That if thou might elſewhere inthral;
And then how could I but diſdain
A captive's captive to remain.

When new deſires had conquer'd thee,
And chang'd the object of thy will,
It had been lethargy in me,
No conſtancy, to love thee ſtill:
Yea it had been a ſin to go
And proſtitute affection ſo,
Since we are taught no pray'rs to ſay
To ſuch as muſt to others pray.

Yet do thou glory in thy choice,
Thy choice of his good fortune boaſt;
I'll neither grieve, nor yet rejoice,
To ſee him gain what I have loſt:
The height of my diſdain ſhall be
To laugh at him, to bluſh for thee;
To love thee ſtill, but go no more
A begging at a beggar's door.

SONNETS.

BY [SIR] WILLIAM [ALEXANDER OF MENSTRIE] EARL OF STIRLING.*

From his "Aurora .. the first fancies of the authors youth," 1604.

WHEN as that louely tent of beautie dies,
And that thou as thine enemie fleeſt thy glaſſe,
And doeſt with griefe remember what it was
That to betray my heart allur'd mine eyes;
Then hauing bought experience with great paines,
Thou ſhalt (although too late) thine errour find,
Whilſt thou reuolu'ſt in a digeſted mind,
My faithful loue, and thy vnkind diſdaines:
And if that former times might be recald,
While as thou ſadly ſitſt retir'd alone,
Then thou wouldſt ſatisfie for all that's gone,
And I in thy hearts throne would be inſtald:
Deare, if I know thee of this mind at laſt,
Ile thinke my ſelfe aueng'd of all that's paſt.

LONG time I did thy cruelties deteſt,
And blaz'd thy rigor in a thouſand lines;
But now through my complaints thy vertue ſhines,
That was but working all things for the beſt:
Thou of my raſh affections held'ſt the raines,
And ſpying dangerous ſparkes come from my fires,
Didſt wiſely temper my enflam'd deſires,
With ſome chaſt fauours, mixt with ſweet diſdaines:

* *Born* 15..; *dyed* 1640.

And

And when thou ſaw'ſt I did all hope deſpiſe,
And look'd like one that wreſtled with deſpaire,
Then of my ſafetie thy exceeding care
Shew'd that I kept thine heart, thou but thine eyes:
For whilſt thy reaſon did thy fancies tame,
I ſaw the ſmoke, although thou hidſt the flame.

SONNETS.

BY WILLIAM DRUMMOND OF HAWTHORNDEN ESQUIRE.*

From his "Poems," 1659.

ALEXIS, here ſhe ſtay'd, among theſe pines,
Sweet hermitreſſe, ſhe did all alone repaire;
Here did ſhe ſpread the treaſure of her haire,
More rich than that brought from the Colchian mines;
Here ſate ſhe by theſe muſket eglantines,
The happy flow'rs ſeeme yet the print to beare,
Her voice did ſweeten here thy ſugred lines,
To which winds, trees, beaſts, birds, did lend an eare;
She here me firſt perceiv'd, and here a morne
Of bright carnations did o'reſpread her face;
Here did ſhe ſigh, here firſt my hopes were borne,
Here firſt I got a pledge of promis'd grace:
But ah! what ſerves't t' have been made happy ſoe,
Sith paſſed pleaſures double but new woe?

THRICE happy he who by ſome ſhady grove,
Far from the clamorous world, doth live his own,
Though ſolitary, who is not alone,
But doth converſe with that eternall love;

* *Born* 1586; *dyed* 1649.
S. 1. *v.* 1. *Alexis is lord Stirling.*

O how more ſweet is birds harmonious moane,
Or the hoarſe ſobbings of the widow'd dove,
Than thoſe ſmooth whiſperings neer a princes throne,
Which good make doubtfull do the evill approve!
O how more ſweet is Zephyres wholeſome breath,
And ſighs embalm'd, which new-born flow'rs unfold,
Than that applauſe vaine honour doth bequeath!
How ſweet are ſtreames, to poyſon dranke in gold!
The world is full of horrours, troubles, ſlights,
Woods harmeleſſe ſhades have only true delights.

MADRIGAL.

BY THE SAME.

From the ſame authority.

SWEET roſe, whence is this hue,
Which doth all hues excell?
Whence this moſt fragrant ſmell?
And whence this forme and graceing grace in you?
In faire Paeſtanas fields perhaps you grew,
Or Hybla's hills you bred,
Or odoriferous Enna's plaines you fed,
Or Tmolus, or where bore yong Adon ſlew;
Or hath the Queen of Love you died of new
In that deare bloud, which makes you look ſo red?
No, none of thoſe, but cauſe more high you bliſt,
My ladies breſt you bore, her lips you kiſt.

TO AN OWLE.

BY THE SAME.

From the ſame authority.

ASCALAPHUS, tell me,
So may nights curtaine long time cover thee,
So ivy ever may
From irkſome light keep thy chamber and bed,
And in moons liv'ry cled,
So may'ſt thou ſcorne the quireſters of day,
When playning thou doſt ſtay
Neare to the ſacred window of my deare,
Doſt ever thou her heare
To wake, and ſteale ſwift houres from drowſie ſleep?
And when ſhe wakes, doth ere a ſtollen ſigh creep
Into thy liſt'ning eare?
If that deafe god doth yet her careleſſe keep,
In louder notes my griefe with thine expreſſe,
Till by thy ſhriekes ſhe think on my diſtreſſe.

MAJESTY IN MISERY:

OR AN

IMPLORATION TO THE KING OF KINGS.

BY KING CHARLES I.*

WRITTEN DURING HIS CAPTIVITY AT CARISBROOK CASTLE, ANNO DOM. 1648.

From Burnets Memoirs of the dukes of Hamilton, 1677.

GREAT Monarch of the World, from whose Power Springs
The Potency and Power of Kings,
Record the Royal Woe my Suffering sings;

And teach my tongue, that ever did confine
Its faculties in Truths Seraphick Line,
To track the Treasons of thy foes and mine.

Nature and law, by thy Divine Decree,
(The only Root of Righteous Royaltie)
With this dim Diadem invested me:

With it, the sacred Scepter, Purple Robe,
The Holy Unction, and the Royal Globe:
Yet am I levell'd with the life of Job.

The fiercest Furies, that do daily tread
Upon my Grief, my Gray Dis-crowned Head,
Are those that owe my Bounty for their Bread.

* *Born* 1600; *dyed* 1648.

They

They raiſe a War, and Chriſten it *The Cauſe*,
Whilſt ſacrilegious hands have beſt applauſe,
Plunder and Murder are the Kingdoms Laws;

Tyranny bears the Title of *Taxation*,
Revenge and Robbery are *Reformation*,
Oppreſſion gains the name of *Sequeſtration*.

My loyal Subjects, who in this bad ſeaſon
Attend me, (by the law of God and Reaſon),
They dare impeach, and puniſh for High Treaſon.

Next at the Clergy do their Furies frown,
Pious Epiſcopacy muſt go down,
They will deſtroy the Croſier and the Crown.

Church-men are chain'd, and Schiſmaticks are free'd,
Mechanicks preach, and Holy Fathers bleed,
The Crown is crucified with the Creed.

The Church of England doth all factions foſter,
The pulpit is uſurpt by each impoſtor,
Ex tempore excludes the *Pater noſter*.

The *Preſbyter*, and *Independent* ſeed
Springs with broad blades; to make Religion bleed
Herod and Pontius Pilate are agreed.

The Corner-ſtone's miſplac'd by every Pavier:
With ſuch a bloody method and behaviour
Their Anceſtors did crucifie our Saviour.

My Royal Conſort, from whoſe fruitful Womb
So many Princes legally have come,
Is forc'd in Pilgrimage to ſeek a Tomb.

Great Britain's Heir is forced into France,
Whil'ſt on his father's head his foes advance:
Poor Child! He weeps out his Inheritance.

With my own Power my Majeſty they wound,
In the King's Name the King himſelf's uncrown'd:
So doth the Duſt deſtroy the Diamond.

With Propoſitions daily they enchant
My Peoples ears, ſuch as do Reaſon daunt,
And the Almighty will not let me grant.

They promiſe to erect my Royal Stem,
To make Me great, t' advance my Diadem,
If I will firſt fall down, and worſhip them.

But for refuſal they devour my Thrones,
Diſtreſs my Children, and deſtroy my bones;
I fear they'l force me to make bread of ſtones.

My Life they prize at ſuch a ſlender rate,
That in my abſence they draw Bills of hate,
To prove the King a Traytor to the State.

Felons obtain more priviledge than I,
They are allow'd to anſwer e're they die;
'Tis death for me to aſk the reaſon, Why.

But,

But, Sacred Saviour, with thy words I woo
Thee to forgive, and not be bitter to
Such as thou know'ſt do not know what they do.

For ſince they from their Lord are ſo disjointed,
As to contemn thoſe Edicts he appointed,
How can they prize the Power of his Anointed?

Augment my Patience, nullifie my Hate,
Preſerve my Iſſue, and inſpire my Mate,
Yet, though We periſh, bleſs this Church and State.

LINES

UPON THE

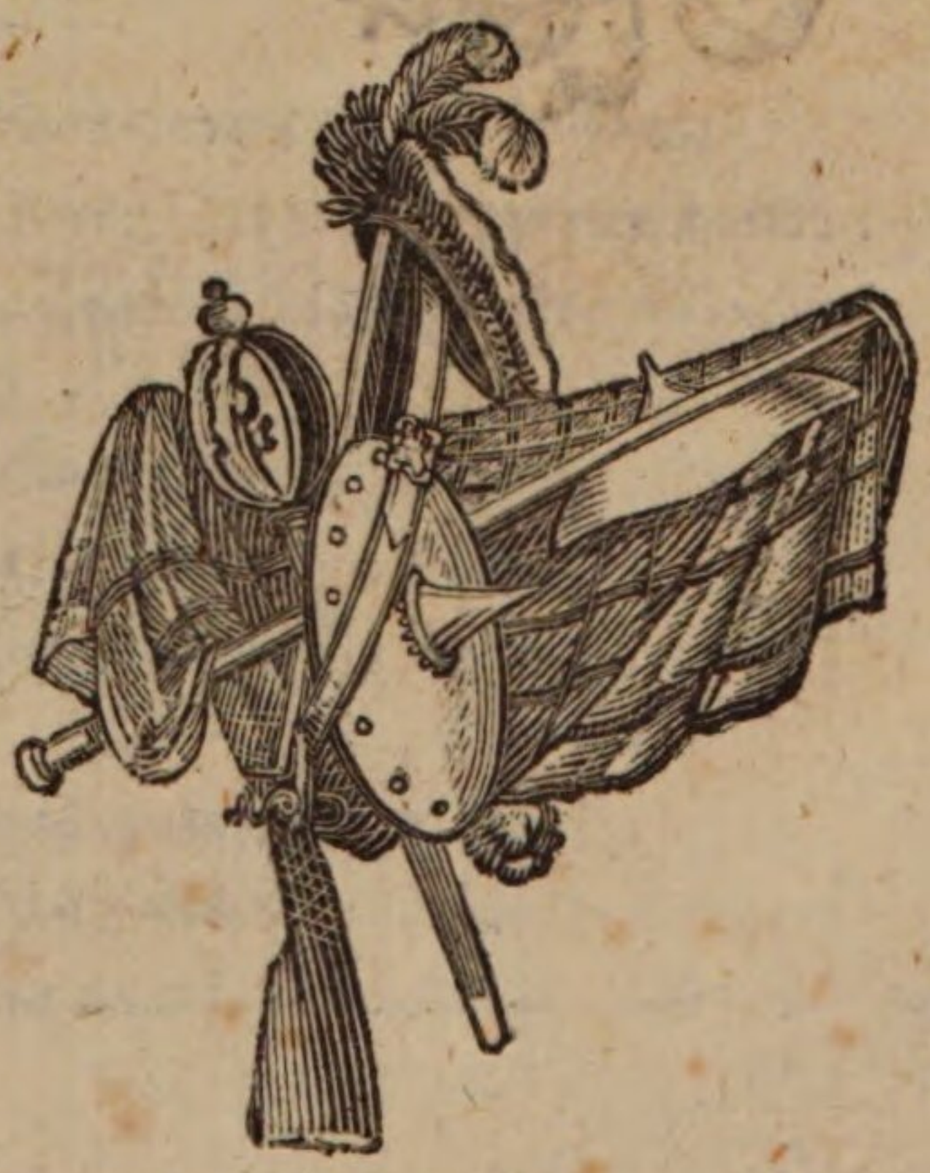
DEATH OF KING CHARLES I.

BY JAMES MARQUIS OF MONTROSE.*

From the Hiſtory of his Wars, 1720.

GREAT, good, and juſt! could I but rate
My grief, and thy too rigid fate,
I'd weep the world to ſuch a ſtrain,
As it ſhould once deluge again:
But ſince thy loud-tongu'd blood demands ſupplies
More from Briareus hands than Argus eyes,
I'll ſing thy obſequies with trumpet ſounds,
And write thy epitaph with blood and wounds.

* *Born* 1612; *dyed* 1650.



ON

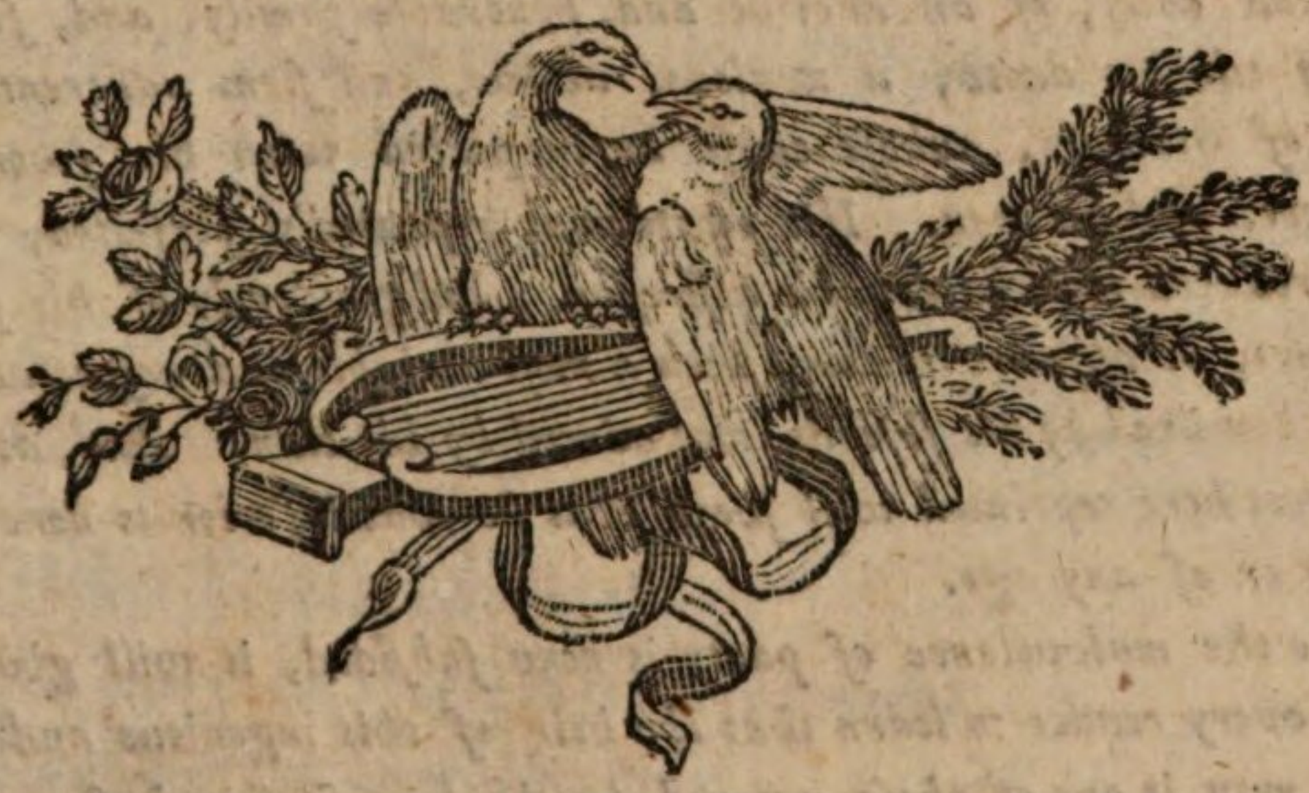
BLACK EYES.

BY GEORGE? LORD GORDON.*

From the "Collection of ... Scots Poems," 1706, &c.

BLESS me! how ſtrange a light appears
Shrewded within thoſe jettiſh ſpheres!
Where no viciſſitude is known,
But day ſtill bears dominion:
Dark circles, which about them run,
Are but like ſhadows to the ſun,
Which curious Nature only meant
Not in defect, but ornament.

* *Son of George marquis of Huntley? Born* 16..; *dyed* 1645?



STRUAN'S FAREWELL TO THE HERMITAGE,

SITTING ON THE TOP OF

MOUNT ALEXANDER.

BY ALEXANDER ROBERTSON OF STRUAN ESQUIRE.*

From his "Poems."

WITH this diverſity of view,
Oft have I wav'd my anxious pain,
When from the ſummit I purſue
The rock, the river, woods, or plain;

* *Born* 1668; *dyed* 1749. *This gentleman was a powerful Highland chief, of an ancient and honorable family, and, from his infancy till his death, a zealous, active, and firm adherent to the Houſe of Stewart, whoſe cauſe he ſupported with his ſword, his followers, and his pen. His eſtate was repeatedly forfeited, and his perſon reduced to inconceivable diſtreſſes. Independently of his political principles, he appears to have been a moſt amiable and reſpectable character, honoured by his friends, and adored by his clan. And, as a poet, the pieces here reprinted will ſhew that he was inferior to none of any country or of any age.*

Since the malevolence of party is now ſubſided, it will give pleaſure to every reader to learn that the heir of this ingenious and unfortunate man is one of thoſe reſtored by the late forfeited-eſtates-bill, a proceeding which reflects the higheſt honour on the juſtice and humanity of all concerned in it.

This firſt poem ſeems to have been occaſioned by the fatal conſequences of the affair of 1715.

Lakes

Lakes, mountains, meads, fields fertile far and nigh,
Divert my gloomy thought, and court my wand'ring eye.

Imagine then, thou bleſs'd abode,
Ere while thy maſter's fond delight,
Where he was certain to unload
His anguiſh, ſpite of lawleſs might,
Think on the woes our firſt forefathers knew,
Thruſt out of Paradiſe, and ſuch I feel for you.

And you, my pretty feather'd quire,
Who ſung each morn your chearful lays,
Who could your patron's ſoul inſpire,
To join in your Creator's praiſe,
For whom will you rehearſe your heav'nly notes,
Erect your gorges, and diſtend your throats?

A barb'rous unrelenting throng
Cuts down your bow'rs with ev'ry tree,
Revenging your melodious ſong,
Meerly becauſe you ſung for me.
Soon from your native manſions muſt you fly,
Be for your rightful lord expell'd, as well as I.

Alas! that I ſhould ſee an age,
Which boundleſs perjury has brought,
That I muſt leave to noiſy rage,
The peaceful labours of my thought.
What ſwain ſo void of ſympathy but grieves
To think my ſpotleſs cell is made a den of thieves?

The groves that raptures to me gave,
Contemplating the works above,
Muſt harbour now each filthy ſlave,
Compos'd of the reverſe of love:
My ſolitary pure receſſes muſt
Suffer rebellious hate, and ſhelter luſt.

The letcher, on each flowry brink,
Will hear his fulſom doxy ſing;
The traitors, too, with lab'ring think
How to withſtand their native king;
Abominations of ſuch deep diſgrace,
As ne'er polluted yet this holy place.

The thickets of yon ſhady brow,
Where wildeſt creatures freely rang'd,
No more that privilege allow,
So wonderfully things are chang'd:
All muſt pour out their little lives apace,
To feaſt the vileſt ſons of human race.

Methinks I ſee that harmleſs crowd,
Viewing their murderers around,
In dying ſighs and groans aloud
Proclaim the pain of every wound;
Wiſhing him ſafe who ne'er could ſee them bleed,
Ev'n to ſubſiſt himſelf, whom they were born to feed.

And thou, my lovely fountain, ſhow,
For thou could'ſt well inſpire the ſwain,
And make his icy boſom glow,
Or cool or quench his raging pain,

Tell

Tell how the friendly buſhes ſtrove t' excel;
To rear a ſhade for ſo divine a well.

As I revere thy ſilver ſtreams,
Thy cooling rills; thy murmuring noiſe,
Where often; with a health to James,
Thou could'ſt revive our ſcanty joys,
Be muddy ſtill, if any wretch begin
A health to tyrants, or ſucceſs to ſin.

Lo! Argentinus lifts his head,
With melancholy in his look,
Whither! O whither art thou fled
(He cries) from thy beloved brook?
By this my godhead, till thy face return,
I'll pour out arſnick, or I'll cloſe my urn.

Yet e'er we part, let's once remind
Diviner pow'rs, as heretofore,
The worthieſt prince of human kind,
With all his faithful to reſtore.
He quaff'd; with much ado he drank it up,
So faſt his guſhing eyes ſupply'd the cup.

Then I! and ſtreight the watry ſire
Sunk down into the reedy ground;
Adieu, ſaid he, I muſt retire,
Then utter'd with a broken ſound,
Since thou'rt for acting juſtly, thus oppreſs'd,
Go keep thy fortitude, and hope the beſt.

And now the helliſh bands advance,
Bent to deſtroy whate'er they meet:
Lo! while the furious horſemen prance,
Poor peaſants gaſp beneath their feet:
Yet Cruelty ſits ſmiling on their cheeks,
To hear the orphan's cries and widow's ſhrieks.

O Heav'ns! let me remove as far,
If ever ſhip ſo far could roll,
To freeze beneath the northern ſtar,
Or periſh at the other pole,
Ere I behold ſuch an unnat'ral war,
Chriſtians commit what pagans would abhor.

What then remains, but that I go,
As Argentinus kindly bid,
Since there's a fate that rules below,
From whom there nothing can be hid?
That fate can bear me witneſs of my heart,
How I have lov'd this land, how loath I am to part.

Retract not, O my ſoul! I muſt
Perform what deſtiny ordains;
In providence I put my truſt,
Adieu to woods, to hills, to plains.
Thou envy of the turbulently great!
Farewel my ſweet, my innocent retreat!

THE

HYMN OF ARGENTINUS

ON STRUAN'S RETURN TO THE HERMITAGE.

BY THE SAME.

From the ſame authority.

EXPAND thy gates, thou bleſs'd abode!
Thy long neglected cells repair,
Confeſs the bounteous care of God,
Our Strephon breathes his native air:
Lo! he returns to chear our diſmal ſtate,
And purify once more his ſweet, his lov'd retreat.

Ere while we mourn'd, with honeſt grief,
Strephon, juſt object of our tears,
Our ſwains in ſighing ſought relief,
Our nymphs in ſilent floods of tears;
Our callow ſhepherds, in a doleful mood,
Like orphans dwindled, and deſpair'd of food.

But now they congregate to ſing
Te Deums with diſtended throats;
The woody rocks, diſus'd to ring,
Repeat with joy the heav'nly notes,
And bleſs the great Creator, who diſplays
His ſecret providence in wondrous ways.

Our pretty feather'd quire apace,
  In ſhady bow'rs commence to build,
And propagate a num'rous race,
  Fearing no more to be expell'd,
Like Strephon, in their manſions to remain
Obſcure, till Innocence revive her drooping train.

The groves that raptures nightly gave;
  While we ſurvey'd the works above,
Harbour no more the wretched ſlave,
  Who boaſts of the reverſe of love:
Our ſolitary pure receſſes hold
Unſpotted faith, as in the days of old.

The thickets of yon ſhady brow,
  Where wildeſt creatures freely rang'd,
Once more that privilege allow,
  So bountifully things are chang'd;
They loſe no more their little lives to feaſt
The glutt'nous maw, or the luxurious taſte.

The gleanings of the ſlaughter'd train,
  Who 'ſcap'd from their devouring foes,
Whoſe fires ſent up their vows to gain
  For Strephon his deſir'd repoſe,
Behold they pour a deluge from each eye,
The common ſymptoms of uncommon joy.

And lo! his lovely fountain ſwells
  With gladneſs at his ſafe return;

His

His cryſtal purity excels
  The common glories of my urn,
Inviting us to taſte the limpid ſtreams
Reſerv'd for Strephon,—to remember JAMES.

And I, (obedient to his will,
  When tears ſupply'd our parting bowl)
When traitors ſued, grew muddy ſtill,
  Hating the purpoſe of their ſoul:
And often ſpying their approach from far,
I chang'd my channel, and I ſeal'd my jar,

Oh Strephon! he whoſe deſtin'd hour
  Has calm'd the tempeſt of thy foes,
Will bounteouſly exert his pow'r,
  To fix the ſeat of thy repoſe,
And, for the troubles of thy dawn and prime,
Will crown thy wiſhes in the cloſe of time.

Then ſtrike thy lute unſtrung ſo long,
  And ſooth the ſorrows of thy mind,
Diſplay the force of ſacred ſong,
  And heal the obſtinately blind;
Seraphick airs, from a melodious hand,
May calm the rage of a diſtracted land.

So Saul, poſſeſs'd with inward ſmart,
  Unable for the rueful ſway
Of rancour, reſtleſs in his heart,
  Th' harmonious minſtrel call'd to play,

And as the numbers of the heavn'ly ſpell
Roſe to their higheſt pitch, his fury fell.

Thus let us ſue in hymns divine,
Addreſſing plaints and offering praiſe,
The ſtars that o'er the righteous ſhine
Will yet reſtore our halcyon days:
Let's hope our ſacred Lord, that Son of Grace,
At length will bleſs our land with equity and peace.

THE HOLY ODE.

BY THE SAME.

From the ſame authority.

WHEN we ſurvey this mighty frame,
With all its orbs around,
Tho' ſtill in motion, ſtill the ſame,
In ſpace without a bound:
The various ſeaſons of the year
In beauteous order fall;
Which makes it to our reaſon clear,
That God muſt govern all.

Yet do we find, to our diſgrace,
Of miſcreants profane,
A crooked, perverſe, ſtubborn race,
Who ſcoffingly maintain,

Becauſe they proſper in their luſt,
And virtue's force defy,
That Heav'n approves of the unjuſt,
Or there's no God on high.

Thus haughty man, in reaſon low
Compar'd with thee, All-wiſe!
Preſumes he can the ſecret know
That's hid from human eyes.
Could ſhallow man thy depth explore,
Thy godhead were but ſmall;
Thy ſov'reign care needs be no more,
And man might rule the ball.

But oh! thy providential ſpring
Is paſt all human ken,
And flows to the minuteſt thing
That moves, as well as men,
Permitting or commanding ſtill,
In each thy pow'r's expreſs'd,
And all perform their good or ill,
As fits thy glory beſt.

Why then ſhould trials of mankind,
Which thou doſt here beſtow,
Exalt a ſublunary mind,
Or yet depreſs it low?
The wicked thou permitt'ſt to reign,
And bloom but for a while;
The righteous only drag their chain,
Till Heav'n thinks fit to ſmile.

Then, ſacred James, let not thy lot,
Tho' ſeemingly ſevere,
Make thee ſuſpect thy cauſe forgot,
Thy croſſes nobly bear:
He who thy heart has in his hand,
(Truſt thou his holy ſkill)
Has too the people's at command,
And turns them at his will.

But thou who ſit'ſt upon the throne
Of Stuarts ancient race,
Abandoning thy rightful own
To fill another's place,
A crown's but a precarious thing,
Thy fate thou doſt not ſee,
They who betray'd their native king
Will ne'er prove true to thee.

O great, eternal Source of love!
Extend thy gracious hand,
And haſten juſtice from above,
To this unhappy land.
O! let our panting hearts have peace,
And innocence reſtore,
Then ſhall thy ſacred law take place,
And faction rule no more.

A
MELANCHOLY MIDNIGHT THOUGHT.

BY THE SAME.

From the ſame authority.

THE ſable empreſs of the duſky ſphere
In ſtate ‘ had’ re-aſſum’d her rowling chair,
And o’er the face of the terreſtrial globe
Had ſpread abroad her univerſal robe,
Her gloomy veil involv’d the ſtary ſkies,
And left no light but in Celeſtia’s eyes;
When lo! the midnight god, who ſtill deſcends,
When night her ſhady canopy extends,
Waving his drowſy ſceptre round his head,
Huſh’d all to ſilence, as if all lay dead.
Young Philocles alone awake remains,
And finds no reſpite from his raging pains,
But from his dark receſs, oppreſs’d with love,
Curs’d the malignant ſtars that rule above;
He fetch’d a groan, and chid the cruel fair,
He paus’d a while, and then he dropt a tear.
At length, in doleful words, he thus began
His melancholy thought of wretched man.
If wand’ring mortals ponder’d human life,
With all its troubles and unequal ſtrife,
The viceful events that attend the maze
Of tranſitory things by length of days;

V. 2. that. *PC.*

The

The fleeting pleaſures of their youthful rage,
And the contempt of their decrepid age;
The little eaſe that nature does beſtow
On the proud monarch of the world below,
With all the pains about a gaſp of breath,
Who would not ope his arms and welcome death?
Who would not gladly chuſe the ſilent grave,
In ſearch of eaſe, rather than live a ſlave,
And gratefully reſtore his earthy frame
To the material duſt from whence it came.
Here in this baneful world we daily ſee
Both rich and poor accurs'd in each degree,
Down from the monarch in his lofty chair,
To the mean clown that breathes the common air;
All ſtruggle to ſubſiſt, nor know the cauſe,
But yield to Nature's arbitrary laws.
As if they hop'd, upon the barren ſoil,
An everlaſting harveſt for their toil.
Not all the dire examples which ariſe,
And ſtill preſent themſelves before our eyes,
Can influence our perverſe hearts to leave
Thoſe fleeting follies, which at length deceive:
So the deluded trav'ller wanders on,
Till by the faithleſs meteor he's undone.
Once we beheld Lewis the Great of France,
With num'rous armies in the field advance,
Driving the vanquiſh'd princes thro' the plain,
Scatt'ring their fleets, and ruling on the main,
Nor ought his fury ſtay'd; where'er he flew
The mighty victor conquer'd ſtill a-new;

Whole

Whole nature ſeem'd to favour his intent,
And Fame proclaim'd his actions as he went,
But when his lovely miſtreſs prov'd unkind,
Who can expreſs the tempeſt of his mind?
Not all the fam'd ſucceſs he won in arms,
Could equal half his fair La Vallier's charms:
Reſtleſs he roam'd about from place to place,
With royal fury raging in his face,
And found no gentle cure to ſooth his care,
But on the boſom of the haughty fair.
Who would have thought a monarch ſo renown'd,
Loaded with riches, and with laurels crown'd,
O'er-charg'd with all that Fortune could beſtow,
To pleaſe her darling favourite below,
Might be reduc'd at length to ſue in vain,
And ſee his flames repell'd by cold diſdain,
Ev'n in his younger days, and his then glorious reign?
But this he felt, he ſaw his love deſpis'd,
The nymph averſe whom he ſo much had priz'd.
Now in his drooping age, his pleaſure croſs'd,
*His will control'd, his reputation loſt,
He ſpends the reſt of his unhappy days,
Dropping the trophies which his youth could raiſe.
Was it not better far his life to cloſe,
Than live the laughter of inſulting foes,
And bravely, Roman-like, in ſuch a caſe,
Teach kings not to ſurvive their own diſgrace?
But he ignobly lives, ev'n tho' he knows
A glorious way to diſappoint his woes.

* At the Peace of Ryſwick.

Next,

Next, ſhould I trace the much commended life
Of country ſwains, ſo void of care and ſtrife,
Sum all their ſatisfaction up, and try
To view their joys with an impartial eye;
Yet find I not, ev'n in their happy ſtate,
A ſanctuary from the reverſe of fate.
Here one removes far from the noiſe of town,
Deſpiſing fame, and careleſs of renown,
In queſt of happineſs, and hopes to find,
In his retreat, tranquillity of mind:
Pleas'd with the proſpect of his country-ſeat,
Expreſſing more of nature than of ſtate,
He ſeeks the murmuring grove and purling ſtream,
And each becomes the ſubject of his theme;
Sometimes to ſhady foreſts he reſorts,
And with his friends purſues the manly ſports,
Till weary with the pleaſing toil, they ſlay,
Drench'd in the fatal brook, the trembling prey.
Then he invites his weary friends to taſte
The ſweet refreſhments of a rural feaſt;
His board is loaded with the choiceſt meat,
They drink with joy, with ſatisfaction eat;
And having chear'd their ſpirits with the beſt
Of homely dainties, they retire to reſt:
We ſee him bleſs'd with all that's fit for life,
With ſprightly children and a careful wife,
And each contributes to increaſe his joys,
She ſmooths his ſorrow, while his prattling boys

V. 108. contribute. *PC.*

Hang

Hang on his neck, rejoice their ſmiling ſire,
Nor can he wiſh his ſatisfaction higher.
But ah! perhaps a diſmal hour attends,
When grief commences, and when pleaſure ends;
Perhaps the conſort of his halcyon days,
By ſome pernicious inward cauſe decays;
Her blooming beauty fades, the youthful grace
Forſakes the lovely features of her face,
Till waſted by degrees ſhe yields her breath,
While the bewailing huſband mourns her death:
Nor is this all, for Fate purſues him ſtill,
Bent upon miſchief, fond of doing ill;
Accumulated ſorrows ſhe contrives,
And next invades the tender offspring's lives,
Deſtroying, to conclude what ſhe begun,
His beauteous daughter and his hopeful ſon.
Then he, whoſe eaſy mind once knew no cares,
Bedews his lonely couch with floods of tears,
Runs to the gloomy ſhade, abhors the light,
Sighs all the day, and groans the live-long night;
His life's a curſe, yet he is glad to live,
And ſuffer what capricious Fate can give.

Laſtly, we ſee a beggar, in the ſtreets,
Whining his indigence to all he meets,
With piteous groans expoſing all his rags,
His ſtarving orphans, and his empty bags;
He craves the means of living to ſupport
His ſinking fabrick, and is grateful for't;
The miſerable wretch goes thus about,
Pain'd with the ſtone, contracted with the gout;

He

He too would gladly live, tho' ſcarce can crawl
To the next door ſupported by the wall;
Where, bending to his mother-earth, he pines,
And on a ſapleſs morſel poorly dines;
Next day more happy, when he gaſping lyes,
Spite of himſelf, and on a dunghill dies.

Since then malicious ſtars, too plain we find,
Love to diſturb the race of poor mankind,
And haughty kings and princes are the ſcorn
Of Fate, as well as he that's meanly born,
Is there a mortal upon earth can ſay
He can ſecure his happineſs a day?
No; nor prolong his time a minute's ſpace
Beyond the deſtin'd hour of his deceaſe;
And one would think that Heav'n, with fury warm'd
Againſt a miſcreant while yet unform'd,
Ordains a lingring life, ſo full of pain,
Only to make him long to be diſſolv'd again.
Then tell me, wretched man, whence does proceed
This love of living? Since 'tis once decreed
We leave this worthleſs world, why ſhould we fear
The period of a being ſo ſevere?
Your ſofteſt joys endure but for a while,
And if capricious Fortune longer ſmile,
She but deludes, for 'tis her uſual way
To ſink by night whom ſhe upholds by day;
To live in pain, ſure there are ſecret bands,
That daunt our courage and reſtrain our hands;
And what that deep myſterious force can be,
What human wiſdom can reveal to me?

Is it the fear of an eternal fire,
That feeds this unaccountable desire?
Or the distracting doubts of future state,
So much the world's belief and world's debate,
Uncertain of your visionary bliss,
Forbids your leap into the dark abyss?
Or do you frame the grim and grisly foe,
Impending over while you strike the blow,
Dreadful alone because you think him so?
Sure this it is, else man could ne'er endure
So much affliction, when he knows the cure.

THE CAPRICIOUS.

BY THE SAME.

From the same authority.

WHEN on my helpless bed I gasping ly,
Expecting the last stroke of Nature's hand,
When no relief is left, but I must die,
Might I the hated universe command,

With what delight my senses should expire,
If, in obedience to my pow'rful nod,
The mighty fabrick should, at my desire,
Tremble a shock by some avenging God.

This petty globe of earth, that's but a span,
When we compare it to the All so vast
Should, with its haughty favorite call'd Man,
Dissolve to crumbled atoms by my blast.

Rous'd

Rous'd by offence, I'd all the heav'ns confound,
While 'tis deſign'd to cruſh my little world,
And in my rage the rolling orbs around
Should be to Nothing's ancient boſom hurl'd.

Juſt as the daily labourer, who tryes
To eaſe his weary limbs with needful reſt,
Blows out the lamp, obnoxious to his eyes,
When gentle ſleep becomes a welcome gueſt.

So, when eternal night would ſeal my eye,
And life's no more than if't had ne'er begun,
Since uſeleſs rays inſtruct not where I ly,
I'd with my lateſt breath puff out the ſun.

Thus Nature's workmanſhip I'd quite deface,
And all ſhould periſh by my indignation,
Nor ſhould I leave ſo much as mighty ſpace,
Leſt idle gods ſhould raiſe a new creation.

V. 21. eyes. *PC.*

PATIE AND ROGER:

A PASTORAL,

INSCRIBED TO JOSIAH BURCHET, ESQ. SECRETARY OF THE ADMIRALTY.

BY ALLAN RAMSAY.*

From his "Poems," 1731.

(DEDICATION.)

THE nipping froſts and driving ſna
Are o're the hills and far awa;
Bauld Boreas ſleeps, the Zephyres blaw,
And ilka thing
Sae dainty, youthfou, gay and bra'
Invites to ſing.

Then let's begin by creek of day,
Kind muſe ſkiff to the bent away,
To try anes mair the landart lay
With a' thy ſpeed,
Since Burchet awns that thou can play
Upon the reed.

Anes, anes again beneath ſome tree
Exert thy ſkill and nat'ral glee,
To him wha has ſae courteouſly,
To weaker ſight,
Set theſe rude ſonnets ſung by me
In trueſt light.

* *Born* 1...; *dyed* 1758. *This eclogue, after its original publication, was adopted by the authour as the firſt ſcene of "The Gentle Shepherd."*

11. To weaker ſight, ſet theſe, &c.] Having done me the honour of turning ſome of my paſtoral poems into Engliſh juſtly and elegantly.

In trueſt light may a' that's fine
In his fair character ſtill ſhine,
Sma' need he has of ſangs like mine,
To beet his name;
For frae the north to ſouthern line,
Wide gangs his fame.

His fame, which ever ſhall abide,
While hiſt'ries tell of tyrants pride,
Wha vainly ſtrave upon the tide
T' invade theſe lands
Where Briton's royal fleet doth ride
Which ſtill commands.

Theſe doughty actions frae his pen,
Our age, and theſe to come, ſhall ken,
How ſtubborn navies did contend
Upon the waves,
How free-born Britons faught like men,
Their faes like ſlaves.

Sae far incribing, ſir, to you,
This country ſang my fancy flew,
Keen your juſt merit to purſue;
But ah! I fear,
In giving praiſes that are due,
I grate your ear.

21. Frae his pen.] His valuable Naval Hiſtory.

Yet

Yet tent a poet's zealous pray'r;
May powers aboon with kindly care,
Grant you a lang and muckle ſkair
Of a' that's good,
Till unto langeſt life and mair
You've healthfu' ſtood.

May never care your bleſſings ſowr,
And may the muſes ilka hour
Improve your mind, and haunt your bower:
I'm but a callan:
Yet may I pleaſe you, while I'm your
Devoted ALLAN.

PATIE AND ROGER.

BENEATH the ſouth-ſide of a craigy bield,
Where a clear ſpring did healſome water yield,
Twa youthfou ſhepherds on the gowans lay,
Tenting their flocks ae bonny morn of May:
Poor Roger gran'd, 'till hollow echoes rang,
While merry Patie humm'd himſel a ſang:
Then turning to his friend in blythſome mood,
Quoth he, how does this ſunſhine chear my blood?
How heartſome is't to ſee the riſing plants!
To hear the birds chirm o'er their morning rants!

5. Poor Roger.] Yet the richeſt ſhepherd in his ſtores, but diſconſolate, whom

6. Merry Patie.] A chearful ſhepherd of leſs wealth endeavours to comfort.

How tosie is't to snuff the cauller air,
And a' the sweets it bears, when void of care!
What ails thee, Roger, then? what gars thee grane?
Tell me the cause of thy ill season'd pain.

ROGER.

I'm born, O Patie, to a thrawart fate!
I'm born to strive with hardships dire and great;
Tempests may cease to jaw the rowan flood,
Corbies and tods to grein for lambkins blood:
But I oppress with never ending grief,
Maun ay despair of lighting on relief.

PATIE.

The bees shall loath the flower and quit the hive,
The saughs on boggy ground shall cease to thrive,
E'er scornfou queans, or loss of warldly gear,
Shall spill my rest, or ever force a tear.

ROGER.

Sae might I say, but it's nae easy done
By ane wha's saul is sadly out o'tune:
You have sae saft a voice and slid a tongue,
You are the darling of baith auld and young.
If I but ettle at a sang, or speak,
They dit their lugs, syn up their leglens cleek,
And jeer me hameward frae and loan or bught,
While I'm confus'd with mony a vexing thought:
Yet I am tall, and as well shap'd as thee,
Nor mair unlikely to a lasse's eye:

For

For ilka ſheep ye have I'll number ten,
And ſhould, as ane might think, come farrer ben.

PATIE.

But ablins, nibour, ye have not a heart,
Nor downa eithly wi' your cunzie part:
If that be true, what ſignifies your gear?
'A' mind that's ſcrimpit never wants ſome care.

ROGER.

My byar tumbled, nine braw nowt were ſmoor'd,
Three elf-ſhot were, yet I theſe ills endur'd.
In winter laſt my cares were very ſma,
Tho' ſcores of wedders periſh'd in the ſna.

PATIE.

Were your bein rooms as thinly ſtock'd as mine,
Leſs you wad loſs, and leſs you wad repine:
He wha has juſt enough can ſoundly ſleep,
The o'ercome only faſhes fowk to keep.

ROGER.

May plenty flow upon thee for a croſs,
That thou may'ſt thole the pangs of frequent loſs;

V. 40. And. *PC.*

42. Elf-ſhot.] Bewitch'd, ſhot by fairies; country people tell odd tales of this diſtemper amongſt cows. When elf-ſhot, the cow falls down ſuddenly dead, no part of the ſkin is pierced, but often a little triangular flat ſtone is found near the beaſt, as they report, which is called the elf's arrow.

O may'ſt thou dote on ſome fair paughty wench,
Wha ne'er will lout thy lowan drouth to quench,
'Till, birſs'd beneath the burden, thou cry dool,
And awn that ane may fret 'that' is nae fool.

PATIE.

Sax good fat lambs, I ſald them ilka cloot
At the Weſt-port, and bought a winſome flute,
Of plumb-tree made, with iv'ry virles round,
A dainty whiſtle wi' a pleaſant ſound;
I'll be mair canty wi't, and ne'er cry dool,
Than you with a' your gear, ye dowie fool.

ROGER.

Na, Patie, na, I'm nae ſic churliſh beaſt,
Some ither things ly heavier at my breaſt;
I dream'd a dreery dream this hinder night,
That gars my fleſh a' creep yet wi' the fright.

PATIE.

Now to your friend how ſilly's this pretence,
To ane wha you and a' your ſecrets kens:
Daft are your dreams, as daftly wad ye hide
Your well-ſeen love, and dorty Jenny's pride.
Take courage, Roger, me your ſorrows tell,
And ſafely think nane kens them but your ſell.

V. 54. there. *PC.*
56. Weſt-port.] The ſheep market-place of Edinburgh.
64. Fleſh a' creep.] A phraſe which expreſſes ſhuddering.

ROGER.

O Patie, ye have gheſt indeed o'er true,
And there is naething I'll keep up frae you;
Me dorty Jenny looks upon aſquint,
To ſpeak but 'till her I dare hardly mint;
In ilka place ſhe jeers me air and late,
And gars me look bumbas'd and unco' blate,
But yeſterday I met her yount a know,
She fled as frae a ſhellycoat or kow;
She Bauldy loo's, Bauldy that drives the car,
But gecks at me, and ſays I ſmell o'tar.

PATIE.

But Bauldy loo's nae her right well I wat,
He ſighs for Neps;——Sae that may ſtand for that.

ROGER.

I wiſh I cou'd na loo her,—but in vain,
I ſtill maun dote and thole her proud diſdain.
My Bauty is a cur I dearly like,
'Till he youl'd ſair, ſhe ſtrake the poor dumb tyke:
If I had fill'd a nook within her breaſt,
She wad ha'e ſhawn mair kindneſs to my beaſt.

72. Keep up.] Hide or retain.

78. Shelly coat.] One of thoſe frightful ſpectres the ignorant people are terrified at, and tell us ſtrange ſtories of; that they are clothed with a coat of ſhells, which make a horrid rattling; that they'll be ſure to deſtroy one, if he gets not a running water between him and it; it dares not meddle with a woman with child, &c.——*It is* ſhelly-coated kow *in the Gentle Shepherd.*

When I begin to tune my ſtock and horn,
With a' her face ſhe ſhaws a cauldrife ſcorn:
Laſt time I play'd, ye never ſaw ſic ſpite,
O'er Bogie was the ſpring, and her delyte,
Yet tauntingly ſhe at her nibour ſpeer'd
Gin ſhe cou'd tell what tune I play'd, and ſneer'd.
Flocks wander where ye like, I dinna care;
I'll break my reed, and never whiſtle mair.

PATIE.

E'en do ſae, Roger, wha can help miſluck,
Saebeins ſhe be ſic a thrawn-gabet chuck;
Yonder's a craig, ſince ye have tint a' hope,
Gae till't ye'r ways, and take the lover's loup.

ROGER.

I need na make ſic ſpeed my blood to ſpill,
I'll warrand death come ſoon enough a will.

PATIE.

Daft gowk! leave aff that ſilly whindging way,
Seem careleſs, there's my hand ye'll win the day.
Laſt morning I was unco' airly out,
Upon a dyke I lean'd and glowr'd about:
I ſaw my Meg come linkan o'er the lee,
I ſaw my Meg, but Maggie ſaw na me:
For yet the ſun was wading throw the miſt,
And ſhe was cloſs upon me e'er ſhe wiſt.
Her coats were kiltit, and did ſweetly ſhaw
Her ſtraight bare legs, which whiter were than ſnaw:

89. Stock and horn.] A reed or whiſtle, with a horn fixed to it by the ſmaller end.

Her

Her cokernony ſnooded up fou ſleek,
Her haffet locks hung waving on her cheek:
Her cheek ſae ruddy! and her een ſae clear!
And O! her mouth's like ony hinny pear.
Neat, neat ſhe was in buſtine waſtecoat clean,
As ſhe came ſkiffing o'er the dewy green:
Blythſome I cry'd, my bonny Meg come here,
I fairly wherefore ye'er ſae ſoon a ſteer;
But now I gueſs ye'er gawn to gather dew.
She ſcour'd awa, and ſaid what's that to you?
Then fare ye well, Meg Dorts, and e'en's ye like,
I careleſs cry'd, and lap in o'er the dyke.
I trow, when that ſhe ſaw, within a crack
With a right thieveleſs errand ſhe came back;
Miſcau'd me firſt,—then bade me hound my dog
To weer up three waff ews were on the bog.
I leugh, and ſae did ſhe, then wi' great haſte
I claſp'd my arms about her neck and waſte;
About her yielding waſte, and took a fouth
Of ſweeteſt kiſſes frae her glowan mouth:
While hard and faſt I held her in my grips,
My very ſaul came louping to my lips.
Sair, ſair ſhe flete wi' me 'tween ilka ſmak,
But well I kend ſhe mean'd na as ſhe ſpak.
Dear Roger, when your jo puts on her gloom,
Do ye ſae too, and never faſh your thumb:
Seem to forſake her, ſoon ſhe'll change her mood;
Gae woo anither, and ſhe'll gang clean wood.

120. Soon a ſteer.] Soon ſtirring or up.
138. Never faſh your thumb.] Be not the leaſt vexed, be eaſy.

ROGER.

Kind Patie, now fair faw your honeſt heart,
Ye'r ay ſae kedgie, and ha'e ſick an art
To hearten ane:—for now as clean's a leek
Ye've cheriſht me ſince ye began to ſpeak:
Sae for your pains I'll make you a propine,
My mither, honeſt wife, has made it fine;
A tartan plaid, ſpun of good hauſlock woo,
Scarlet and green the ſets, the borders blue,
With ſpraings like gou'd and ſiller, croſs'd wi' black,
I never had it yet upon my back.
Well are ye wordy o't wha ha'e ſae kind
Redd up my ravel'd doubts, and clear'd my mind.

PATIE.

Well, had ye there,—and ſince ye've frankly made
A preſent to me of your bra new plaid,
My flute's be yours, and ſhe too that's ſae nice,
Shall come a will, if you'll take my advice.

ROGER.

As ye adviſe, I'll promiſe to obſerv't,
But ye maun keep the flute, ye beſt deſerv't;

143. Clean's a leek.] Perfectly clever and right.

147. Hauſlock woo.] A fine wool which is pulled off the necks of ſheep before the knife be put in, this being ſo much gained without ſpoiling the ſale of the ſkin, is gathered for ſuch an uſe.

152. Red up.] Is a metaphorical phraſe from the putting in order, or winding up yarn that has been ravel'd.

156. Come a will.] Come willingly, of her own accord, without conſtraint.

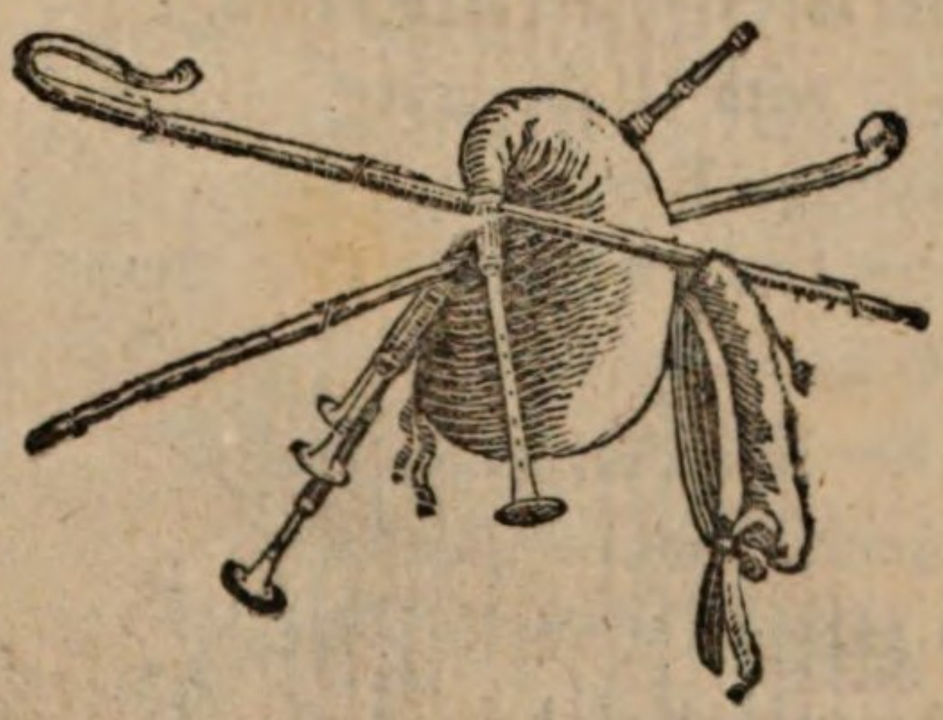
Now

Now take it out, and gi'es a bonny ſpring,
For I'm in tift to hear you play or ſing.

PATIE.

But firſt we'll take a turn up to the hight,
And ſee gin a' our flocks be feeding right:
Be that time bannocks and a ſhave of cheeſe
Will make a breakfaſt that a laird might pleaſe;
Might pleaſe our laird, gin he were but ſae wiſe
To ſeaſon meat wi' health inſtead of ſpice:
When we ha'e ta'en the grace-drink at this well,
I'll whiſtle fine, and ſing t'ye like my ſell.

167. The grace-drink.] The king's health, begun firſt by the religious Margaret queen of Scots, known by the name of St. Margaret. The piety of her deſign was to oblige the courtiers not to riſe from table till the thankſgiving-grace was ſaid, well judging, that though ſome folks have little regard for religion, yet they will be mannerly to their prince.



HYMN TO SOLITUDE.

BY JAMES THOMSON ESQUIRE.*

From his "Works," 1762.

HAIL, mildly pleasing Solitude!
Companion of the wise and good;
But from whose holy, piercing eye
The herd of fools, and villains fly.
Oh! how I love with thee to walk,
And listen to thy whisper'd talk,
Which innocence, and truth imparts,
And melts the most obdurate hearts.
A thousand shapes you wear with ease.
And still in every shape you please.
Now wrapt in some mysterious dream
A lone philosopher you seem;
Now quick from hill to vale you fly,
And now you sweep the vaulted sky,
A shepherd next, you haunt the plain,
And warble forth your oaten strain.
A lover now with all the grace
Of that sweet passion in your face:
Then, calm'd to friendship, you assume
The gentle-looking Harford's bloom,
As, with her Musidora, she
(Her Musidora fond of thee)
Amid the long-withdrawing vale
Awakes the rival'd nightingale.
Thine is the balmy breath of morn,
Just as the dew-bent rose is born;

* *Born* 1700; *dyed* 1748.

And

And while meridian fervours beat,
Thine is the woodland dumb retreat;
But chief, when evening ſcenes decay,
And the faint landſkip ſwims away,
Thine is the doubtful ſoft decline,
And that beſt hour of muſing thine.
  Deſcending angels bleſs thy train,
The virtues of the ſage and ſwain;
Plain Innocence, in white array'd,
Before thee lifts her fearleſs head:
Religion's beams around thee ſhine,
And cheer thy glooms with light divine:
About thee ſports ſweet Liberty;
And rapt Urania ſings to thee.
  Oh! let me pierce thy ſecret cell,
And in thy deep receſſes dwell.
Perhaps from Norwood's oak-clad hill,
When Meditation has her fill,
I juſt may caſt my careleſs eyes
Where London's ſpiry turrets riſe,
Think of its crimes, its cares, its pain,
Then ſhield me in the woods again.

O D E.

(TO MRS. A. R.)

BY WILLIAM HAMILTON OF BANGOUR ESQUIRE.*

From his "Poems," 1760.

Immortalia ne ſperes, monet annus ——

HOR.

NOW Spring begins her ſmiling round,
Laviſh to paint th' enamell'd ground;
The birds exalt their chearful voice,
And gay on ev'ry bough rejoice.
The lovely Graces, hand in hand,
Knit in love's eternal band,
With dancing ſtep at early dawn,
Tread lightly o'er the dewy lawn.
Where'er the youthful ſiſters move,
They fire the ſoul to genial love.
Now, by the river's painted ſide,
The ſwain delights his country bride:
While, pleas'd, ſhe hears his artleſs vows,
Above the feather'd ſongſter wooes.
Soon will the rip'ned Summer yield
Her various gifts to ev'ry field;
Soon fruitful trees, a beauteous ſhow,
With ruby-tinctur'd births ſhall glow;

* *Born* 1704; *dyed* 1754.

Sweet

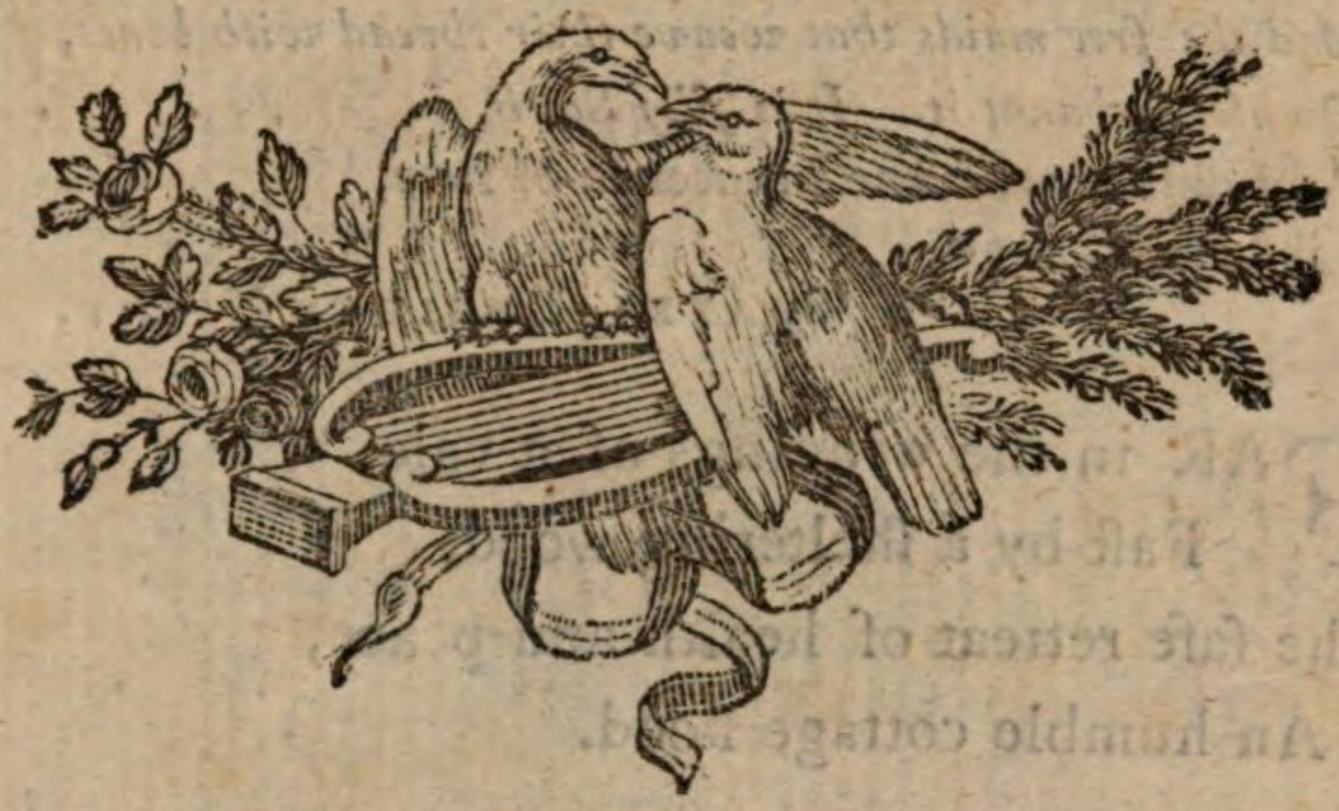
Sweet ſmells, from beds of lilies born,
Perfume the breezes of the morn:
The ſunny day, and dewy night,
To rural play my fair invite.
Soft on a bank of violets laid,
Cool ſhe enjoys the evening ſhade;
The ſweets of Summer feaſt her eye:
Yet ſoon, ſoon will the Summer fly.
Attend, my lovely Maid, and know
To profit by th' inſtructive ſhow:
Now young and blooming thou art ſeen,
Freſh on the ſtalk, for ever green;
Now does th' unfolded bud diſcloſe
Full blown to ſight the bluſhing roſe:
Yet, once the ſunny ſeaſon paſt,
Think not the coz'ning ſcene will laſt:
Let not the flatt'rer Hope perſuade;
Ah! muſt I ſay that it will fade?
For ſee the Summer poſts away,
Sad emblem of our own decay.
Now Winter, from the frozen North,
Drives his ſtiff iron chariot forth;
His grizly hand in icy chains
Fair Tweda's ſilver flood conſtrains:
Caſt up thy eyes, how bleak and bare
He wanders on the tops of Yare!
Behold his footſteps dire are ſeen
Confeſs'd on many a with'ring green.
Griev'd at the ſight, when thou ſhalt ſee,
A ſnowy wreathe to clothe each tree,

Frequenting

Frequenting now the ſtream no more
Thou fly'ſt, diſpleas'd, the frozen ſhore.
When thou ſhalt miſs the flow'rs that grew
But late to charm thy raviſh'd view,
Shall I, ah horrid! wilt thou ſay,
Be like to this ſome other day?
Yet, when in ſnow and dreary froſt
The pleaſure of the field is loſt,
To blazing hearths at home we run,
And fires ſupply the diſtant ſun;
In gay delights our hours employ,
We do not loſe, but change our joy;
Happy abandon ev'ry care,
To lead the dance, to court the fair,
To turn the page of ſacred bards,
To drain the bowl, and deal the cards.
But when the beauteous white and red
From the pale aſhy cheek is fled;
When wrinkles dire, and age ſevere,
Make beauty fly we know not where;
The fair whom Fates unkind diſarm,
Have they for ever ceas'd to charm?
Or is there left ſome pleaſing art,
To keep ſecure a captive heart?
Unhappy Love! might lovers ſay,
Beauty thy food does ſwift decay;
When once that ſhort-liv'd ſtock is ſpent,
What art thy famine can prevent?
Lay virtues in with early care,
That love may live on wiſdom's fare:

Tho'

Tho' extaſy with beauty flies,
Eſteem is born when beauty dies.
Happy to whom the Fates decree
The gift of heav'n in giving thee:
Thy beauty ſhall his youth engage,
Thy virtues ſhall delight his age.



EDWIN AND EMMA.

BY DAVID MALLET ESQUIRE.*

From his "Poems," 1762.

Mark it, Ceſario, it is true and plain.
The ſpinſters and the knitters in the ſun,
And the free maids that weave their thread with bones,
Do uſe to chaunt it. It is ſilly Sooth,
And dallies with the innocence of love,
Like the old age.

SHAKES. TWELFTH NIGHT.

FAR in the windings of a vale,
Faſt by a ſheltering wood,
The ſafe retreat of health and peace,
An humble cottage ſtood.

There beauteous Emma flouriſh'd fair,
Beneath a mother's eye;
Whoſe only wiſh on earth was now
To ſee her bleſt, and die.

The ſofteſt bluſh that Nature ſpreads
Gave color to her cheek:
Such orient color ſmiles thro heaven,
When vernal mornings break.

Nor let the pride of great ones ſcorn
This charmer of the plains:
That ſun, who bids *their* diamond blaze,
To paint *our* lilly deigns.

* *Born* 17..; *dyed* 1765.

Long

Long had ſhe fill'd each youth with love,
Each maiden with deſpair;
And tho' by all a wonder own'd,
Yet knew not ſhe was fair.

Till Edwin came, the pride of ſwains,
A ſoul devoid of art;
And from whoſe eye, ſerenely mild,
Shone forth the feeling heart.

A mutual flame was quickly caught:
Was quickly too reveal'd:
For neither boſom lodg'd a wiſh,
That virtue keeps conceal'd.

What happy hours of home-felt bliſs
Did love on both beſtow!
But bliſs too mighty long to laſt,
Where fortune proves a foe.

His Siſter, who, like Envy form'd,
Like *her* in miſchief joy'd,
To work them harm, with wicked ſkill,
Each darker art employ'd.

The Father too, a ſordid man,
Who love nor pity knew,
Was all-unfeeling as the clod,
From whence his riches grew.

Long had he ſeen their ſecret flame,
And ſeen it long unmov'd:
Then with a father's frown at laſt
Had ſternly diſapprov'd.

In Edwin's gentle heart, a war
Of differing paſſions ſtrove:
His heart, that durſt not diſobey,
Yet could not ceaſe to love.

Deny'd her ſight, he oft behind
The ſpreading hawthorn crept,
To ſnatch a glance, to mark the ſpot
Where Emma walk'd and wept.

Oft too on Stanemore's wintry waſte,
Beneath the moonlight-ſhade,
In ſighs to pour his ſoften'd ſoul,
The midnight-mourner ſtray'd.

His cheek, where health with beauty glow'd,
A deadly pale o'ercaſt:
So fades the freſh roſe in its prime,
Before the northern blaſt.

The parents now, with late remorſe,
Hung o'er his dying bed;
And weary'd heaven with fruitleſs vows,
And fruitleſs ſorrow ſhed.

'Tis

"'Tis paſt! he cry'd—but if your ſouls
Sweet mercy yet can move,
Let theſe dim eyes once more behold
What they muſt ever love!

She came; his cold hand ſoftly touch'd,
And bath'd with many a tear:
Faſt-falling o'er the primroſe pale,
So morning dews appear.

But oh! his ſiſter's jealous care,
A cruel ſiſter ſhe!
Forbade what Emma came to ſay;
"My Edwin live for me."

Now homeward as ſhe hopeleſs wept
The church-yard path along,
The blaſt blew cold, the dark owl ſcream'd
Her lover's funeral ſong.

Amid the falling gloom of night,
Her ſtartling fancy found
In every buſh his hovering ſhade,
His groan in every ſound.

Alone, appall'd, thus had ſhe paſs'd
The viſionary vale—
When lo! the death-bell ſmote her ear,
Sad-ſounding in the gale!

Juſt then ſhe reach'd, with trembling ſtep,
Her aged mother's door—
He's gone! ſhe cry'd; and I ſhall ſee
That angel-face no more!

I feel, I feel this breaking heart
Beat high againſt my ſide—
From her white arm down ſunk her head;
She ſhivering ſigh'd, and died.

Extract of a letter from the Curate of Bowes in Yorkſhire, on the ſubject of the preceding poem.

To Mr. COPPERTHWAITE at MARRICK.

Worthy Sir,

*** As to the affair mentioned in yours; it happened long before my time. I have therefore been obliged to conſult my clerk, and another perſon in the neighbourhood for the truth of that melancholy event. The hiſtory of it is as follows.

THE family name of the young man was Wrightſon; of the young maiden Railton. They were both much of the ſame age; that is growing up to twenty. In their birth was no diſparity: but in fortune, alas! ſhe was his inferior. His father, a hard old man, who had by his toil acquired a handſome competency, expected and required that his ſon ſhould marry ſuitably. But, as *amor vincit omnia*, his heart was unalterably fixed on the pretty young creature already named. Their courtſhip, which was all by ſtealth, unknown to the family, continued about a year. When it was found out, old Wrightſon, his wife, and particularly their crooked daughter Hannah, flouted at the maiden, and treated her with notable contempt. For they held it as a maxim, and a ruſtic one it is, that *blood* was nothing without *groats*.

The young lover ſickened, and took to his bed about *Shrove-tueſday*, and died the ſunday ſennight after.

On the laſt day of his illneſs, he deſired to ſee his miſtreſs. She was civilly received by the Mother, who bid her welcome—when

it

it was too late. But her daughter Hannah lay at his back; to cut them off from all opportunity of exchanging their thoughts.

At her return home, on hearing the bell toll out for his departure, ſhe ſcreamed aloud that her heart was burſt, and expired ſome moments after.

The then Curate of Bowes* inſerted it in his regiſter, that they both died of love, and were buried in the ſame grave, March 15. 1714. I am,

Dear Sir,

Yours, &c.

* Bowes is a ſmall village in Yorkſhire, where in former times the earls of Richmond had a caſtle. It ſtands on the edge of that vaſt and mountainous tract, named by the neighbouring people Stanemore; which is always expoſed to wind and weather, deſolate and ſolitary throughout. Camb. Brit.

A FRAGMENT.

BY THE SAME.

From his "Works," 1759.

* * *

FAIR morn aſcends: ſoft Zephyr's wing
O'er hill and vale renews the ſpring:
Where, ſown profuſely, herb and flower,
Of balmy ſmell, of healing power,
Their ſouls in fragrant dews exhale,
And breathe freſh life in every gale.
Here, ſpreads a green expanſe of plains,
Where, ſweetly-penſive, *Silence* reigns;
And there at utmoſt ſtretch of eye,
A mountain fades into the ſky;

While winding round, diffus'd and deep,
A river rowls with ſounding ſweep.
Of human art no traces near,
I ſeem alone with *Nature* here!

Here are thy walks, O ſacred HEALTH!
The monarch's bliſs, the beggar's wealth!
The ſeaſoning of all good below!
The ſovereign friend in joy or woe!
O *Thou*, moſt courted, moſt deſpis'd,
And but in abſence duly priz'd!
Power of the ſoft and roſy face!
The vivid pulſe, the vermil grace,
The ſpirits when they gayeſt ſhine,
Youth, beauty, pleaſure, all are thine!
O *ſun* of life! whoſe heavenly ray
Lights up, and chears, our various day,
The turbulence of hopes and fears,
The ſtorm of fate, the cloud of years,
Till *Nature*, with thy *parting* light,
Repoſes late in *Death*'s calm night:
Fled from the trophy'd roofs of ſtate,
Abodes of ſplendid pain, and hate;
Fled from the couch, where, in ſweet ſleep,
Hot *Riot* would his anguiſh ſteep,
But toſſes thro' the midnight-ſhade,
Of death, of life, alike afraid;
For ever fled to ſhady cell,
Where *Temperance*, where the *Muſes* dwell;
Thou oft art ſeen, at early dawn,
Slow-pacing o'er the breezy lawn:

Or on the brow of mountain high,
In ſilence feaſting ear and eye,
With ſong and proſpect, which abound
From birds, and woods and waters round.

But when the ſun, with noontide ray,
Flames forth intolerable day;
While *Heat* ſits fervent on the plain,
With *Thirſt* and *Languor* in his train;
All nature ſickening in the blaze:
Thou, in the wild and woody maze,
That clouds the vale with umbrage deep,
Impendent from the neighbouring ſteep,
Wilt find betimes a calm retreat,
Where breathing *Coolneſs* has her ſeat.

There, plung'd amid the ſhadows brown,
Imagination lays him down;
Attentive, in his airy mood,
To every murmur of the wood:
The bee in yonder flowery nook;
The chidings of the headlong brook;
The green leaf ſhivering in the gale;
The warbling hill, the lowing vale;
The diſtant woodman's echoing ſtroke;
The thunder of the falling oak.
From thought to thought in viſion led,
He holds high converſe with the dead;
Sages, or Poets. See they riſe!
And ſhadowy ſkim before his eyes.

Hark!

Hark! ORPHEUS ſtrikes the lyre again,
That ſoften'd ſavages to men:
Lo! SOCRATES, the *Sent* of heaven,
To whom its *moral will* was given.
Fathers and friends of human kind,
They form'd the nations or refin'd,
With all that mends the head and heart,
Enlightening truth, adorning art.

While thus I mus'd beneath the ſhade,
At once the ſounding breeze was laid:
And *Nature*, by the *unknown law*,
Shook deep with reverential awe.
Dumb ſilence grew upon the hour;
A browner night involv'd the bower:
When iſſuing from the inmoſt wood,
Appear'd fair *Freedom*'s GENIUS good.
O *Freedom!* ſovereign boon of heaven;
Great Charter, with our being given;
For which the patriot, and the ſage,
Have plan'd, have bled thro every age!
High privilege of human race,
Beyond a mortal monarch's grace:
Who could not give, nor can reclaim,
What but from God immediate came!

* * * *

ELEGY.

IN IMITATION OF TIBULLUS.

BY TOBIAS SMOLLETT, M.D.*

From "The Adventures of Roderick Random," (1766).

WHERE now are all my flatt'ring dreams of joy?
Monimia, give my ſoul her wonted reſt;—
Since firſt thy beauty fix'd my roving eye,
Heart gnawing cares corrode my penſive breaſt!

Let happy lovers fly where pleaſures call,
With feſtive ſongs beguile the fleeting hour;
Lead beauty thro' the mazes of the ball,
Or preſs her wanton in love's roſeate bower,

For me, no more I'll range th' empurpled mead,
Where ſhepherds pipe, and virgins dance around;
Nor wander thro' the woodbine's fragrant ſhade,
To hear the muſick of the grove reſound.

I'll ſeek ſome lonely church, or dreary hall,
Where fancy paints the glimm'ring taper blue,
Where damps hang mould'ring on the ivy'd wall,
And ſheeted ghoſts drink up the midnight dew;

* *Born* 1720; *dyed* 1771.

There

There leagu'd with hopeleſs anguiſh and deſpair,
A-while in ſilence o'er my fate repine:
Then, with a long farewel to love and care,
To kindred duſt my weary limbs conſign.

Wilt thou, Monimia ſhed a gracious tear
On the cold grave where all my ſorrows reſt?
Strew vernal flow'rs, applaud my love ſincere,
And bid the turf lie eaſy on my breaſt?

THE TEARS OF SCOTLAND.

MDCCXLVI.

BY THE SAME.

From a collection of Songs.

MOURN, hapleſs Caledonia, mourn
Thy baniſh'd peace, thy laurel torn!
Thy ſons, for valour long renown'd,
Lye ſlaughter'd on their native ground;
Thy hoſpitable roofs no more
Invite the ſtranger to the door,
In ſmoaky ruins ſunk they lye,
The monuments of cruelty.

The wretched owner ſees afar
His all become the prey of war,

Bethinks

Bethinks him of his babes and wife,
Then ſmites his breaſt, and curſes life!
Thy ſwains are famiſh'd on the rocks,
Where late they fed their wanton flocks;
Thy raviſh'd virgins ſhriek in vain,
Thine infants periſh on the plain!

What boots it, that in every clime,
Thro' the wide-ſpreading waſte of time,
Thy martial glory, crown'd with praiſe,
Still ſhone with undiminiſh'd blaze?
Thy tow'ring ſpirit now is broke,
Thy neck is bended to the yoke!
What foreign arms could never quell,
By civil rage, and rancour fell.

The rural pipe, and merry lay
No more ſhall chear the happy day,
No ſocial ſcenes of gay delight
Beguile the dreary winter's night;
No ſtrains, but thoſe of ſorrow, flow,
And nought be heard but ſounds of woe;
Whilſt the pale phantoms of the ſlain
Glide nightly o'er the ſilent plain.

O baleful cauſe! O fatal morn!
Accurs'd to ages yet unborn:
The ſons againſt their fathers ſtood,
The parent ſhed his children's blood;
Yet when the rage of battle ceas'd,
The victor's ſoul was not appeas'd;

There leagu'd with hopeleſs anguiſh and deſpair,
A-while in ſilence o'er my fate repine:
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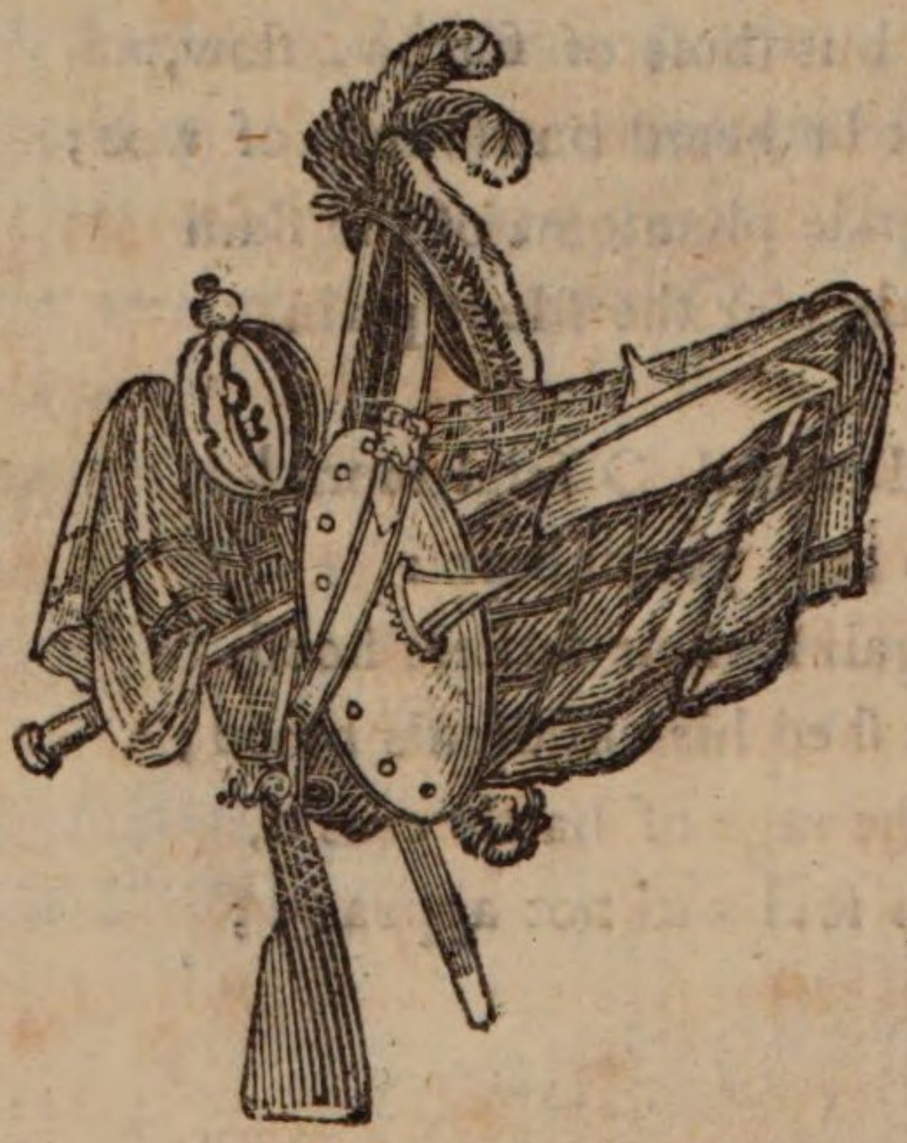
The victor's ſoul was not appeas'd;

The

The naked and forlorn muſt feel
Devouring flames and conqu'ring ſteel!

The pious mother, doom'd to death,
Forſaken wanders o'er the heath;
The bleak wind whiſtles round her head,
Her helpleſs orphans cry for bread;
Bereft of ſhelter, food, and friend,
She views the ſhades of night deſcend;
And, ſtretch'd beneath inclement ſkies,
Weeps o'er her tender babes, and dies!

While the warm blood bedews my veins,
And unimpair'd remembrance reigns,
Reſentment of my country's fate
Within my filial breaſt ſhall beat;
And, ſpite of her inſulting foe,
My ſympathizing verſe ſhall flow:
Mourn, hapleſs Caledonia, mourn
Thy baniſh'd peace, thy laurel torn!



THE GRAVE,

By Robert Blair*.

The house appointed for all living. JOB.

WHILST some affect the sun, and some the shade,
Some flee the city, some the hermitage;
Their aims as various as the roads they take
In journeying through life;—the task be mine
To paint the gloomy horrors of the tomb;
Th' appointed place of rendezvous, where all
These travellers meet.—Thy succours I implore,
Eternal King! whose potent arm sustains
The keys of hell and death.—The Grave, dread thing!
Men shiver when thou'rt nam'd: nature, appall'd,
Shakes off her wonted firmness.—Ah! how dark
Thy long-extended realms, and rueful wastes!
Where nought but silence reigns, and night, dark night,
Dark as was chaos, ere the infant sun
Was roll'd together, or had try'd his beams
Athwart the gloom profound.—The sickly taper

* Born 1699; died 1746.

By glimm'ring through thy low-brow'd misty vaults,
(Furr'd round with mouldy damps and ropy slime)
Lets fall a supernumerary horror,
And only serves to make thy night more irksome.
Well do I know thee by thy trusty yew,
Cheerless, unsocial plant! that loves to dwell
'Midst skulls and coffins, epitaphs and worms:
Where light-heel'd ghosts, and visionary shades,
Beneath the wan cold moon (as fame reports)
Embody'd, thick, perform their mystic rounds.
No other merriment, dull tree! is thine.
See yonder hallow'd fane;—the pious work
Of names once fam'd, now dubious or forgot,
And bury'd midst the wreck of things which were;
There lie interr'd the more illustrious dead.
The wind is up: hark! how it howls! Methinks
Till now I never heard a sound so dreary:
Doors creak, and windows clap, and night's foul bird,
Rook'd in the spire, screams loud: the gloomy aisles,
Black-plaster'd, and hung round with shreds of
'scutcheons
And tatter'd coats of arms, send back the sound
Laden with heavier airs, from the low vaults,
The mansions of the dead.—Rous'd from their slumbers,
In grim array the grisly spectres rise,
Grin horrible, and obstinately sullen,
Pass and repass, hush'd as the foot of night.
Again the screech-owl shrieks: ungracious sound!
I'll hear no more; it makes one's blood run chill.
Quite round the pile, a row of reverend elms,
(Coeval near with that) all ragged show,

Long laſh'd by the rude winds. Some rift half down
Their branchleſs trunks: others ſo thin a top,
That ſcarce two crows can lodge in the ſame tree.
Strange things, the neighbours ſay, have happen'd here:
Wild ſhrieks have iſſu'd from the hollow tombs:
Dead men have come again, and walk'd about;
And the great bell has toll'd, unrung, untouch'd.
(Such tales their chear, at Wake or Goſſiping,
When it draws near to witching time of night.)

Oft, in the lone church-yard at night I've ſeen
By glimpſe of moonſhine, chequering through the trees,
The ſchool-boy, with his ſatchel in his hand,
Whiſtling aloud to bear his courage up,
And lightly tripping o'er the long flat ſtones,
(With nettles ſkirted, and with moſs o'ergrown,)
That tell in homely phraſe who lie below.
Sudden he ſtarts, and hears, or thinks he hears,
The ſound of ſomething purring at his heels:
Full faſt he flies, and dares not look behind,
Till out of breath he overtakes his fellows;
Who gather round, and wonder at the tale
Of horrid *Apparition*, tall and ghaſtly,
That walks at dead of night, or takes his ſtand
O'er ſome new open'd grave; and (ſtrange to tell!)
Evaniſhes at crowing of the cock.

The new-made *Widow*, too I've ſometimes 'ſpy'd,
Sad ſight! ſlow moving o'er the proſtrate dead:

v. 73. ov'r.

Liſtleſs, ſhe crawls along in doleful black,
Whilſt burſts of ſorrow guſh from either eye,
Faſt falling down her now untaſted cheek.
Prone on the lowly grave of the dear man
She drops; whilſt buſy meddling Memory
In barbarous ſucceſſion, muſters up
The paſt endearments of their ſofter hours,
Tenacious of its theme. Still, ſtill ſhe thinks
She ſees him, and, indulging the fond thought,
Clings yet more cloſely to the ſenſeleſs turf,
Nor heeds the paſſenger who looks that way.

Invidious *Grave*—how doſt thou rend in ſunder
Whom Love has knit, and Sympathy made one!
A tie more ſtubborn far than Nature's band!
Friendſhip! myſterious cement of the ſoul;
Sweetner of life, and ſolder of ſociety;
I owe thee much. Thou haſt deſerv'd from me
Far, far beyond what I can ever pay.
Oft have I prov'd the labours of thy love,
And the warm efforts of the gentle heart
Anxious to pleaſe.—Oh! when my friend and I
In ſome thick wood have wander'd heedleſs on,
Hid from the vulgar eye, and ſat us down
Upon the ſloping cowſlip-cover'd bank,
Where the pure limpid ſtream has ſlid along,
In grateful errors through the under-wood,
Sweet murmuring; methought the ſhrill-tongu'd Thruſh
Mended his ſong of love; the ſooty Blackbird
Mellow'd his pipe, and ſoften'd ev'ry note:

The

The Eglantine ſmell'd ſweeter; and the Roſe
Aſſum'd a dye more deep; whilſt ev'ry flower
Vy'd with its fellow-plant in luxury
Of dreſs.—Oh! then the longeſt ſummer's day
Seem'd too too much in haſte: ſtill the full heart
Had not imparted half: 'Twas happineſs
Too exquiſite to laſt. Of joys departed
Not to return, how painful the remembrance!

Dull *Grave*--thou ſpoil'ſt the dance of youthful blood,
Strik'ſt out the dimple from the cheek of Mirth,
And ev'ry ſmirking feature from the face;
Branding our *laughter* with the name of *madneſs*.
Where are the *Jeſters* now? the men of health,
Complexionally pleaſant? where the *Droll*
Whoſe ev'ry look and jeſture was a joke
To clapping theatres and ſhouting crouds,
And made ev'n thick-lip'd muſing Melancholy
To gather up her face into a ſmile
Before ſhe was aware? Ah! ſullen now,
And dumb, as the green turf that covers them.

Where are the mighty thunderbolts of war?
The *Roman Cæſars*, and the *Grecian Chiefs*,
The boaſt of ſtory? Where the hot-brain'd youth,
Who the *Tiara* at his pleaſure tore,
From Kings of all the then diſcover'd globe;
And cry'd, forſooth, becauſe his arm was hamper'd,
And had not room enough to do its work?
Alas! how ſlim, diſhonourably ſlim!

And cramm'd into a ſpace we bluſh to name.
Proud *Royalty!* how alter'd are thy looks!
How blank thy features, and how wan thy hue!
Son of the morning! whither art thou gone?
Where haſt thou hid thy many-ſpangled head,
And the majeſtic menace of thine eyes,
Felt from afar? Pliant and powerleſs now,
Like new-born infant wound up in his ſwathes,
Or victim tumbled flat upon its back,
That throbs beneath the ſacrificer's knife:
Mute muſt thou bear the ſtrife of little tongues,
And coward inſults of the baſe-born croud,
That grudge a privilege thou never hadſt,
But only hop'd for in the peaceful *Grave*,
Of being unmoleſted and alone.
Arabia's gums and odoriferous drugs,
And honours by the *Heralds* duly paid
In mode and form, ev'n to a very ſcruple—
O cruel *Irony*! Theſe come too late;
And only mock whom they were meant to honour.
Surely there's not a dungeon-ſlave, that's bury'd
In the highway, unſhrouded and uncoffin'd,
But lies as ſoft, and ſleeps as ſound as he.
Sorry pre-eminence of high deſcent,
Above the vulgar born, to rot in ſtate.

But ſee! the well-plum'd *Hearſe* comes nodding on,
Stately and ſlow; and properly attended
By the whole ſable tribe, that painful watch
The ſick man's door, and live upon the dead,

By

By letting out their perſons by the hour
To mimic ſorrow, when the heart's not ſad.
How rich the trappings! now they're all unfurl'd,
And glittering in the ſun; triumphant entries
Of Conquerors, and Coronation-pomps,
In glory ſcarce exceed. Great gluts of people
Retard th' unwieldy ſhow; whilſt from the caſements
And houſes tops, ranks behind ranks cloſe wedg'd
Hang bellying o'er. But tell us, why this waſte?
Why this ado in earthing-up a Carcaſe
That's fall'n into diſgrace, and in the noſtril
Smells horrible?—Ye *Undertakers* tell us,
'Midſt all the gorgeous figures you exhibit,
Why is the principal conceal'd, for which
Ye make this mighty ſtir?—'Tis wiſely done:
What would offend the eye in a good picture
The painter caſts diſcreetly into ſhades.

PROUD *Lineage*, now how little thou appear'ſt
Below the envy of the private man.
Honour, that meddleſome officious ill,
Purſues thee ev'n to death; nor ſtops there ſhort.
Strange perſecution! when the *Grave* itſelf
Is no protection from rude ſufferance.

ABSURD to think to over-reach the *Grave*,
And from the wreck of names to reſcue ours.
The beſt concerted ſchemes men lay for fame
Die faſt away: only themſelves die faſter.
The far-fam'd *Sculptor*, and the laurell'd *Bard*,

Thoſe bold inſurancers of deathleſs fame,
Supply their little feeble aids in vain.
The tap'ring *Pyramid*, th' *Egyptian*'s pride,
And wonder of the world, whoſe ſpiky top
Has wounded the thick cloud, and long outliv'd
The angry ſhaking of the winter's ſtorm;
Yet ſpent at laſt by th' injuries of heav'n,
Shatter'd with age, and furrow'd o'er with years,
The myſtic cone, with hieroglyphics cruſted,
At once gives way. Oh! lamentable ſight:
The labour of whole ages, lumbers down,
A hideous and mi[s]ſhapen length of ruins.
Sepulchral columns wreſtle but in vain
With all-ſubduing Time: his cank'ring hand
With calm delib'rate malice waſteth them:
Worn on the edge of days, the braſs conſumes,
The buſto moulders, and the deep-cut marble,
Unſteady to the ſteel, gives up its charge:
Ambition, half convicted of her folly,
Hangs down the head, and reddens at the tale.

Here all the mighty *Troublers of the earth*,
Who ſwam to ſov'reign rule through ſeas of blood;
Th' oppreſſive, ſturdy, man-deſtroying Villains,
Who ravag'd kingdoms and laid empires waſte,
And in a cruel wantonneſs of power
Thinn'd ſtates of half their people, and gave up
To want the reſt; now, like a ſtorm that's ſpent,
Lie huſh'd, and meanly ſneak behind thy covert.

V. 201. her.

Vain

Vain thought! to hide them from the gen'ral ſcorn,
That haunts and dogs them like an injur'd ghoſt
Implacable.—Here too the *petty Tyrant*,
Whoſe ſcant domains *Geographer* ne'er notic'd,
And well for neighbouring grounds, of arm as ſhort;
Who fix'd his iron talons on the poor,
And grip'd them like ſome lordly beaſt of prey;
Deaf to the forceful cries of gnawing Hunger,
And piteous plaintive voice of Miſery:
(As if a Slave was not a ſhred of nature,
Of the ſame common feelings with his *Lord*:)
Now tame and humble, like a child that's whipp'd,
Shakes hands with duſt, and calls the worm his kinſman;
Nor pleads his rank and birth-right. Under ground
Precedency's a jeſt; Vaſſal and Lord,
Groſsly familiar, ſide by ſide conſume.

When ſelf-eſteem, or others adulation,
Would cunningly perſuade us we were ſomething
Above the common level of our kind,
The *Grave* gainſays the ſmooth-complexion'd flatt'ry,
And with blunt truth acquaints us what we are.

Beauty—thou pretty play-thing, dear deceit,
That ſteals ſo ſoftly o'er the ſtripling's heart,
And gives it a new pulſe, unknown before,
The *Grave* diſcredits thee: thy charms expung'd,
Thy roſes faded, and thy lilies ſoil'd,
What haſt thou more to boaſt of? Will thy Lovers
Flock round thee now, to gaze and do thee homage?

Methinks I ſee thee with thy head low laid,
Whilſt, ſurfeited upon the damaſk cheek,
The high-fed *Worm*, in lazy volumes roll'd,
Riots unſcar'd.—For this was all thy caution?
For this thy painful labours at thy glaſs,
T'improve thoſe charms, and keep them in repair,
For which the ſpoiler thanks thee not? Foul feeder,
Coarſe fare and carrion pleaſe thee full as well,
And leave as keen a reliſh on the ſenſe.
Look, how the fair one weeps!—the conſcious tears
Stand thick as dew drops on the bells of flowers:
Honeſt effuſion! the ſwoln heart in vain
Labours to put a gloſs on its diſtreſs.

Strength too—thou ſurly, and leſs gentle boaſt
Of thoſe that laugh loud at the village-ring;
A fit of common ſickneſs pulls thee down,
With greater eaſe than e'er thou didſt the ſtripling,
That raſhly dar'd thee to th' unequal fight.
What groan was that I heard?—Deep groan indeed!
With anguiſh heavy laden; let me trace it:
From yonder bed it comes, where the ſtrong man,
By ſtronger arm belabour'd, gaſps for breath
Like a hard-hunted beaſt. How his great heart
Beats thick! his roomy cheſt by far too ſcant
To give the lungs full play.—What now avail
The ſtrong-built ſinewy limbs, and well-ſpread ſhoulders?
See how he tugs for life, and lays about him,
Mad with his pain!—Eager he catches hold
Of what comes next to hand, and graſps it hard,

Juſt

Juſtlike a creature drowning; hideous ſight!
Oh! how his eyes ſtand out, and ſtare full ghaſtly!
Whilſt the diſtemper's rank and deadly venom,
Shoots like a burning arrow croſs his bowels,
And drinks his marrow up.—Heard you that groan?
It was his laſt.—See how the great *Goliah*,
Juſt like a child that brawl'd itſelf to reſt,
Lies ſtill.—What mean'ſt thou then, O mighty Boaſter,
To vaunt of nerves 'like' thine? What means the Bull,
Unconſcious of his ſtrength, to play the coward,
And flee before a feeble thing like man;
That, knowing well the ſlackneſs of his arm,
Truſts only in the well-invented knife?

WITH *ſtudy* pale, and midnight vigils ſpent,
The ſtar-ſurveying *Sage*, cloſe to his eye
Applies the ſight-invigorating Tube;
And, travelling through the boundleſs length of ſpace,
Marks well the courſes of the far-ſeen orbs,
That roll with regular confuſion there,
In ecſtaſy of thought. But ah! proud Man,
Great heights are hazardous to the weak head:
Soon, very ſoon, thy firmeſt footing fails;
And down thou dropp'ſt into that darkſome place
Where *nor device nor knowledge* ever came.

HERE the *Tongue-Warrior* lies, diſabled now,
Diſarm'd, diſhonour'd, like a wretch that's gagg'd,
And cannot tell his ail to paſſers by.

V. 281. of.

Great

Great man of language,—whence this mighty change?
This dumb deſpair, and drooping of the head?
Tho' ſtrong Perſuaſion hung upon thy lip,
And ſly Inſinuation's ſofter arts
In ambuſh lay about thy flowing Tongue;
Alas! how chop-fall'n now! Thick miſts and ſilence
Reſt, like a weary cloud, upon thy breaſt
Unceaſing.—Ah! where now's the lifted arm,
The ſtrength of action, and the force of words,
The well-turn'd period, and the well-tun'd voice,
With all the leſſer ornaments of Phraſe?
Ah! fled for ever, as they ne'er had been.
Raz'd from the book of Fame: or, more provoking,
Perhaps ſome hackney hunger-bitten Scribbler
Inſults thy memory, and blots thy tomb
With long flat narrative, or duller rhimes,
With heavy-halting pace that drawl along;
Enough to rouſe a dead man into rage,
And warm with red Reſentment the wan Cheek.

HERE the great maſters of the *Healing-art*,
Theſe mighty mock-defrauders of the *Tomb*,
Spite of their *Juleps* and *Catholicons*,
Reſign to fate.—Proud *Æſculapius'* ſon!
Where are thy boaſted implements of Art,
And all thy well-cramm'd magazines of Health?
Nor Hill, nor Vale, as far as ſhip could go,
Nor margin of the gravel bottom'd Brook,
Eſcap'd thy rifling hand:—from ſtubborn ſhrubs
Thou wrung'ſt their ſhy-retiring Virtues out,

And

And vex'd them in the fire; nor fly, nor inſect,
Nor writhy ſnake, eſcap'd thy deep reſearch.
But why this *apparatus?* why this coſt?
Tell us, thou doughty keeper from the *Grave*,
Where are thy *Recipes* and *Cordials* now,
With the long liſt of vouchers for thy cures?
Alas! thou ſpeakeſt not.—The bold impoſtor
Looks not more ſilly when his cheat's found out.

HERE the lank-ſided *Miſer*, worſt of felons,
Who meanly ſtole, (diſcreditable ſhift,)
From back, and belly too, their proper cheer;
Eas'd of a tax, it irk'd the wretch to pay
To his own carcaſe; now lies cheaply lodg'd,
By clam'rous Appetites no longer teaz'd,
Nor tedious Bills of charges and repairs.
But ah! where are his rents, his comings-in?
Ay! now you've made the rich man poor indeed.
Robb'd of his Gods, what has he left behind?
Oh! curſed luſt of Gold; when for thy ſake,
The fool throws up his Int'reſt in both Worlds,
Firſt ſtarv'd in this, then damn'd in that to come.

How ſhocking muſt thy ſummons be, Oh *Death!*
To him who is at eaſe in his poſſeſſions;
Who, counting on long years of pleaſure here,
Is quite unfurniſh'd for that world to come!
In that dread moment, how the frantic ſoul
Raves round the walls of her clay Tenement,
Runs to each avenue, and ſhrieks for help,

But

But ſhrieks in vain!—How wiſhfully ſhe looks
On all ſhe's leaving, now no longer hers!
A little longer, yet a little longer,
Oh! might ſhe ſtay, to waſh away her ſtains,
And fit her for her paſſage!—Mournful ſight!
Her very eyes weep blood;—and every groan
She heaves is big with horror.—But the Foe,
Like a ſtaunch murd'rer, ſteady to his purpoſe,
Purſues her cloſe through ev'ry lane of Life,
Nor miſſes once the track, but preſſes on;
Till, forc'd at laſt to the tremendous Verge,
At once ſhe ſinks to everlaſting ruin.

Sure 'tis a ſerious thing *to die!* My ſoul,
What a ſtrange moment muſt it be, when near
Thy journey's end thou haſt the gulf in view!
That awful gulf no mortal e'er repaſs'd,
To tell what's doing on the other ſide.
Nature runs back, and ſhudders at the ſight,
And every life-ſtring bleeds at thoughts of parting;
For part they muſt: *Body* and *Soul* muſt part;
Fond couple; link'd more cloſe than wedded pair.
This wings its way to its almighty Source,
The Witneſs of its actions, now its Judge;
That drops into the dark and noiſome *Grave*,
Like a diſabled pitcher of no uſe.

If *Death* was nothing, and nought *after death*,
If when men dy'd, at once they ceas'd to be,
Returning to the barren womb of Nothing,

Whence

Whence firſt they ſprung; then might the debauchee
Untrembling mouth the Heav'ns:—Then might the drunkard
Reel over his full bowl, and when 'tis drain'd,
Fill up another to the brim, and laugh
At the poor bug-bear *Death*:—Then might the Wretch
That's weary of the world, and tir'd of life,
At once give each inquietude the ſlip,
By ſtealing out of being, when he pleas'd,
And by what way; whether by hemp, or ſteel.
Death's thouſand doors ſtand open.—Who could force
The ill-pleas'd gueſt to ſit out his full time,
Or blame him if he goes?—Sure he does well
That helps himſelf as timely as he can,
When able. But if there is an *Hereafter*,
And that there is, Conſcience, uninfluenc'd,
And ſuffer'd to ſpeak out, tells ev'ry man;
Then muſt it be an awful thing *to die*:
More horrid yet, to die by one's own hand.
Self murder!—name it not: our iſland's ſhame:
That makes her the reproach of neighbouring ſtates.
Shall Nature, ſwerving from her earlieſt dictate,
Self-preſervation, *fall* by her own act?
Forbid it heaven!—Let not, upon diſguſt,
The ſhameleſs hand be foully crimſon'd o'er
With blood of his own lord.—Dreadful attempt!
Juſt reeking from ſelf-ſlaughter, in a rage
To ruſh into the preſence of our Judge;
As if we challeng'd him to do his worſt,
And matter'd not his wrath.—Unheard of tortures

Muſt

Muſt be reſerv'd for ſuch: theſe herd together;
The common damn'd ſhun their ſociety,
And look upon themſelves as Fiends leſs foul.
Our time is fix'd, and all our days are number'd;
How long, how ſhort, we know not:—this we know,
Duty requires we calmly wait the ſummons,
Nor dare to ſtir till Heav'n ſhall give permiſſion:
Like Centries that muſt keep their deſtin'd ſtand,
And wait th' appointed hour, till they're reliev'd.
Thoſe only are the Brave, who keep their ground,
And keep it to the laſt. To run away
Is but a coward's trick: to run away
From this world's ills, that at the very worſt,
Will ſoon blow o'er, thinking to mend ourſelves
By boldly vent'ring on a world unknown,
And plunging headlong in the dark;—'tis mad:
No frenzy half ſo deſperate as this.

Tell us, ye Dead; will none of you, in pity
To thoſe you left behind, diſcloſe the ſecret?
Oh! that ſome courteous ghoſt would blab it out;
What 'tis you are, and we muſt ſhortly be.
I've heard, that ſouls departed have ſometimes
Forewarn'd men of their death:—'Twas kindly done
To knock, and give 'th' alarum'.—But what means
This ſtinted charity?—'Tis but lame kindneſs
That does its work by halves.—Why might you not
Tell us what 'tis *to die?*—Do the ſtrict laws
Of your ſociety forbid your ſpeaking

V. 437. the alarm.

Upon

Upon a point ſo nice?—I'll aſk no more:
Sullen, like lamps in ſepulchres, ye ſhine,
Enlight'ning but yourſelves. Well,—'tis no matter;
A very little time will clear up all,
And make us learn'd as you are, and as cloſe.

Death's ſhafts fly thick:—Here falls the Village ſwain,
And there his pamper'd Lord.—The cup goes round;
And who ſo artful as to put it by?
'Tis long ſince *Death* had the majority;
Yet ſtrange! *the Living lay it not to heart.*
See yonder maker of the dead man's bed,
The *Sexton*, hoary-headed chronicle,
Of hard unmeaning face, down which ne'er ſtole
A gentle Tear; with mattock in his hand
He digs through rows of Kindred and Acquaintance,
By far his Juniors.—Scarce a ſcull's caſt up,
But well he knew its Owner, and can tell
Some paſſage of his life.—Thus hand in hand
The ſot has walk'd with *Death* twice twenty years;
And yet ne'er Yonker on the green laughs louder,
Or clubs a ſmuttier tale:—When drunkards meet,
None ſings a merrier catch, nor lends a hand
More willing to his cup.—Poor wretch! he minds not,
That ſoon ſome truſty brother of the trade,
Shall do for him what he has done for thouſands.

On this ſide, and on that, men ſee their friends
Drop off, like leaves in autumn; yet launch out,
Into fantaſtic ſchemes, which the long Livers

In

In the world's hale and undegen'rate days,
Could ſcarce have leiſure for.—Fools that we are,
Never to think of *Death* and of *ourſelves*
At the ſame time: as if to learn *to die*
Where no concern of ours.—Oh! more than ſottiſh,
For creatures of a Day in gameſome mood
To frolic on Eternity's dread brink,
Unapprehenſive; when, for aught we know,
The very firſt ſwoln Surge ſhall ſweep us in.
Think we, or think we not, *Time* hurries on
With a reſiſtleſs unremitting ſtream;
Yet treads more ſoft than e'er did midnight-thief,
That ſlides his hand under the Miſer's pillow,
And carries off his prize.—What is *this World?*
What? but a ſpacious *burial-field* unwall'd,
Strew'd with Death's ſpoils, the ſpoils of animals
Savage and tame, and full of dead men's bones.
The very turf on which we tread, once liv'd:
And we that live muſt lend our carcaſes
To cover our own offspring:—In their turns
They too muſt cover theirs.—'Tis *here* all meet;
The ſhiv'ring *Icelander*, and ſun-burnt *Moor*;
Men of all climes, that never met before;
And of all creeds, the *Jew*, the *Turk*, and *Chriſtian*.
Here the proud *Prince*, and *Favourite* yet prouder,
His Sov'reign's keeper, and the People's ſcourge,
Are huddled out of ſight.—*Here* lie abaſh'd
The great *Negociators* of the earth,

V. 477. ought.

And

And celebrated *Maſters of the balance*,
Deep read in ſtratagems, and wiles of courts.
Now vain their *Treaty-ſkill*:—Death ſcorns to treat.
Here the o'erloaded *Slave* flings down his burthen
From his gall'd ſhoulders;—and when the cruel Tyrant,
With all his guards and tools of pow'r about him,
Is meditating ſome unheard-of hardſhips,
Mocks his ſhort arm:—and quick as thought eſcapes
Where Tyrants vex not, and the Weary reſt.
Here the warm *Lover*, leaving the cool ſhade,
The tell-tale *Echo*, and the bubbling ſtream,
(Time out of mind the fav'rite ſeats of *Love*,)
Faſt by his gentle Miſtreſs lays him down,
Unblaſted by foul tongue.—*Here* friends and foes
Lie cloſe; unmindful of their former feuds.
The lawn-rob'd *Prelate*, and plain *Preſbyter*,
'Erewhile' that ſtood aloof, as ſhy to meet,
Familiar mingle *here*, like ſiſter-ſtreams
That ſome rude interpoſing rock had ſplit.
Here is the large limb'd *Peaſant*: *here* the *Child*
Of a ſpan long, that never ſaw the ſun,
Nor preſs'd the nipple, ſtrangled in Life's porch.
Here is the *Mother*, with her ſons and daughters:
The barren *Wife*; and long-demurring *Maid*,
Whoſe lonely unappropriated ſweets
Smil'd like yon knot of cowſlips on the cliff,
Not to be come at by the willing hand.
Here are the *Prude* ſevere, the gay *Coquet*,

V. 514. E'erwhile.

V. 523. couſlips.

And ſober *Widow*, and the young green *Virgin*,
Cropp'd like a roſe, before 'tis fully blown,
Or half its worth diſclos'd. Strange medley *here!*
Here garrulous *Old Age* winds up his tale;
And jovial *Youth*, of lightſome vacant heart,
Whoſe ev'ry day was made of melody,
Hears not the voice of mirth:—The ſhrill-tongu'd *Shrew*,
Meek as the turtle-dove, forgets her chiding.
Here are the wiſe, the generous, and the brave,
The juſt, the good, the worthleſs, the profane;
The downright clown, and perfectly well-bred;
The fool, the churl, the ſcoundrel, and the mean,
The ſupple ſtateſman, and the patriot ſtern;
The wrecks of Nations, and the ſpoils of Time,
With all the lumber of ſix thouſand years.

Poor *Man!* how happy once in thy *firſt ſtate!*
When yet but warm from thy great maker's hand,
He ſtamp'd thee with his image, and, well pleas'd,
Smil'd on his laſt fair work.—Then all was well.
Sound was the *Body*, and the *Soul* ſerene;
Like two ſweet inſtruments ne'er out of tune,
That play their ſeveral parts.—Nor head nor heart
Offer'd to ache: Nor was there cauſe they ſhould;
For all was pure within: No fell remorſe,
Nor anxious caſtings-up of what might be,
Alarm'd his peaceful boſom:—Summer ſeas
Shew not more ſmooth, when kiſs'd by ſouthern winds
Juſt ready to expire.—Scarce importun'd,
The generous ſoil with a luxuriant hand

Offer'd

Offer'd the various produce of the year,
And ev'ry thing moſt perfect in its kind.
Bleſſed! thrice bleſſed days!—But, ah! how ſhort!
Bleſs'd as the pleaſing dreams of Holy Men;
But fugitive like thoſe, and quickly gone.
Oh! ſlipp'ry ſtate of things.—What ſudden turns!
What ſtrange viciſſitudes, in the firſt leaf
Of man's ſad hiſtory?—To-day moſt happy,
And ere to-morrow's ſun has ſet, moſt abject.
How ſcant the ſpace between theſe vaſt extremes!
Thus far'd it with *our Sire*:—Not long h' enjoy'd
His paradiſe.—Scarce had the happy tenant
Of the fair ſpot due time to prove its ſweets,
Or ſum them up; when ſtrait he muſt be gone,
Ne'er to return again.—And muſt he go?
Can nought compound for the firſt dire offence
Of erring man?—Like one that is condemn'd,
Fain would he trifle time with idle talk,
And parly with his fate.—But 'tis in vain.
Not all the laviſh odours of the place
Offer'd in incenſe can procure his pardon,
Or mitigate his doom.—A mighty Angel,
With flaming ſword, forbids his longer ſtay,
And drives the loiterer forth; nor muſt he take
One laſt and farewel round.—At once he loſt
His glory, and his God.—If mortal now,
And ſorely maim'd, no wonder.—*Man has ſinn'd.*
Sick of his bliſs, and bent on new adventures,
Evil he would needs try: Nor try'd in vain.
(Dreadful experiment! deſtructive meaſure!

Where the worſt thing could happen 'was' ſucceſs,)
Alas! too well he ſped:—The *Good* he ſcorn'd
Stalk'd off reluctant, like an ill-us'd ghoſt,
Not to return;—or, if it did, its viſits,
Like thoſe of *Angels*, ſhort, and far between:
Whilſt the black *Dæmon*, with his hell-ſcap'd Train,
Admitted once into its better room,
Grew loud and mutinous, nor would be gone;
Lording it o'er the *Man*; who now too late
Saw the raſh error which he could not mend;
An error fatal not to him alone,
But to his future ſons, his fortune's heirs.
Inglorious bondage!—Human nature grones
Beneath a vaſſalage ſo vile and cruel,
And its vaſt body bleeds through ev'ry vein.

WHAT havock haſt thou made, foul monſter, *Sin!*
Greateſt and firſt of Ills.—The fruitful parent
Of Woes of all dimenſions!—But for *thee*
Sorrow had never been.—All noxious Thing,
Of vileſt nature.—Other ſorts of Evils,
Are kindly circumſcrib'd, and have their bounds.
The fierce *Volcano*, from its burning entrails
That belches molten Stone and globes of Fire,
Involv'd in pitchy clouds of ſmoke and ſtench,
Marrs the adjacent fields, for ſome leagues round,
And there it ſtops.—The big-ſwoln *Inundation*,
Of miſchief more diffuſive, raving loud,

V. 585. is.

... Buries

Buries whole tracks of country, threat'ning more;
But that too has its Shore it cannot paſs.
More dreadful far than theſe! *Sin* has laid waſte,
Not here and there a country, but a *World:*
Diſpatching at a wide-extended blow
Entire mankind; and for their ſakes defacing
A whole Creation's beauty with rude hands;
Blaſting the foodful grain, the loaded branches,
And marking all along its way with ruin.
Accurſed Thing!—Oh; where ſhall Fancy find
A proper name to call thee by, expreſſive
Of all thy horrors?—Pregnant womb of Ills!
Of temper ſo tranſcendently malign,
That Toads and Serpents of moſt deadly kind,
Compar'd to thee, are harmleſs.—Sickneſſes
Of ev'ry ſize and ſymptom, racking pains,
And blueſt plagues, are thine.—See how the fiend
Profuſely ſcatters the contagion round!
Whilſt deep-mouth'd Slaughter, bellowing at her heels,
Wades deep in blood new ſpilt; yet for to-morrow
Shapes out new work of great uncommon daring,
And inly pines till the dread blow is ſtruck.

But hold,—I've gone too far; too much diſcover'd
My Father's nakedneſs, and Nature's ſhame.
Here let me pauſe, and drop an honeſt Tear,
One burſt of filial duty and condolence,
O'er all thoſe ample deſarts *Death* hath ſpread,
This *Chaos* of mankind. O great *Man-eater!*

Whoſe ev'ry day is *Carnival*, not ſated!
Unheard-of *Epicure!* without a fellow!
The verieſt *Gluttons* do not always cram;
Some intervals of abſtinence are ſought
To edge the Appetite: *Thou* ſeekeſt none.
Methinks the countleſs ſwarms thou haſt devour'd,
And thouſands that each hour thou gobbleſt up;
This, leſs than *this*, might gorge thee to the full.
But ah! rapacious ſtill, thou gap'ſt for more:
Like one, whole days defrauded of his meals,
On whom lank Hunger lays her ſkinny hand,
And whets to keeneſt eagerneſs his cravings.
(As if diſeaſes, maſſacres, and poiſon,
Famine, and war, were not thy Caterers.

But know, that thou muſt *render up thy Dead*,
And with high Int'reſt too. They are not thine;
But only in thy keeping for a ſeaſon,
Till the great promis'd day of Reſtitution;
When loud diffuſive ſound, from brazen trump
Of ſtrong-lung'd Cherub, ſhall alarm thy Captives,
And rouſe the long, long ſleepers into life,
Day-light, and liberty.——
Then muſt thy Gates fly open, and reveal
The mines that lay long forming under ground,
In their dark cells immur'd; but now full ripe,
And pure as ſilver from the crucible,
That twice has ſtood the torture of the fire
And inquiſition of the forge.—We know

V. 640. not ſated yet!

Th'

Th' illuſtrious Deliverer of mankind,
The Son of God, thee foil'd.—Him in thy pow'r
Thou could'ſt not hold:—ſelf-vigorous he roſe,
And, ſhaking off thy fetters, ſoon retook
Thoſe ſpoils his voluntary yielding lent:
(Sure pledge of our releaſement from thy thrall)
Twice twenty days he ſojourn'd here on earth,
And ſhew'd himſelf alive to *choſen Witneſſes*,
By proofs ſo ſtrong, that the moſt ſlow aſſenting
Had not a ſcruple left.—This having done,
He mounted up to heav'n.—Methinks I ſee him
Climb the aerial heights, and glide along.
Athwart the ſevering clouds: But the faint eye,
Flung backwards in the chace, ſoon drops its hold,
Diſabled quite, and jaded with purſuing.
Heaven's portals wide expand to let him in;
Nor are his friends ſhut out: as ſome great Prince
Not for himſelf alone procures admiſſion,
But for his train:—It was his Royal will,
That where he is, there ſhould his followers be.
Death only lies between.—A gloomy path!
Made yet more gloomy by our coward fears:
But not untrod, nor tedious: The fatigue
Will ſoon go off.—Beſides, there's no by-road
To bliſs.—Then why, like ill-condition'd children,
Start we at tranſient hardſhips, in the way
That leads to purer air and ſofter ſkies,
And a ne'er-ſetting ſun?—Fools that we are!
We wiſh to be where Sweets unwith'ring bloom;
But ſtrait our wiſh revoke, and will not go.

So

So have I ſeen upon a ſummer's ev'n,
Faſt by the riv'let's brink, a Youngſter play:
How wiſhfully he looks to ſtem the tide,
This moment reſolute, next unreſolv'd:
At laſt, he dips his foot; but as he dips,
His fears redouble, and he runs away
From th' inoffenſive ſtream, unmindful now
Of all the flow'rs that paint the further bank,
And ſmil'd ſo ſweet of late.—Thrice welcome *Death!*
That after many a painful bleeding ſtep
Conducts us to our home, and lands us ſafe
On the long-wiſh'd-for ſhore.—Prodigious change!
Our bane turn'd to a bleſſing!—*Death* diſarm'd
Loſes his fellneſs quite.—All thanks to him
Who ſcourg'd the venom out.——Sure *the laſt end*
Of the good Man is *Peace!*—How calm his *Exit!*
Night-dews fall not more gently to the ground,
Nor weary worn-out winds expire ſo ſoft.
Behold him in the evening-tide of Life,
A life well ſpent, whoſe early care it was
His riper years ſhould not upbraid his green:
By unperceiv'd degrees he wears away;
Yet, like the ſun, ſeems larger at his ſetting.
(High in his faith and hopes,) look how he ſtrives
After the prize in view! and, like a bird
That's hamper'd, ſtruggles hard to get away:
Whilſt the glad gates of ſight are wide expanded
To let new glories in, the firſt fair fruits
Of the faſt-coming harveſt.—*Then!* Oh! *then!*
Each earth-born joy grows vile, or diſappears,

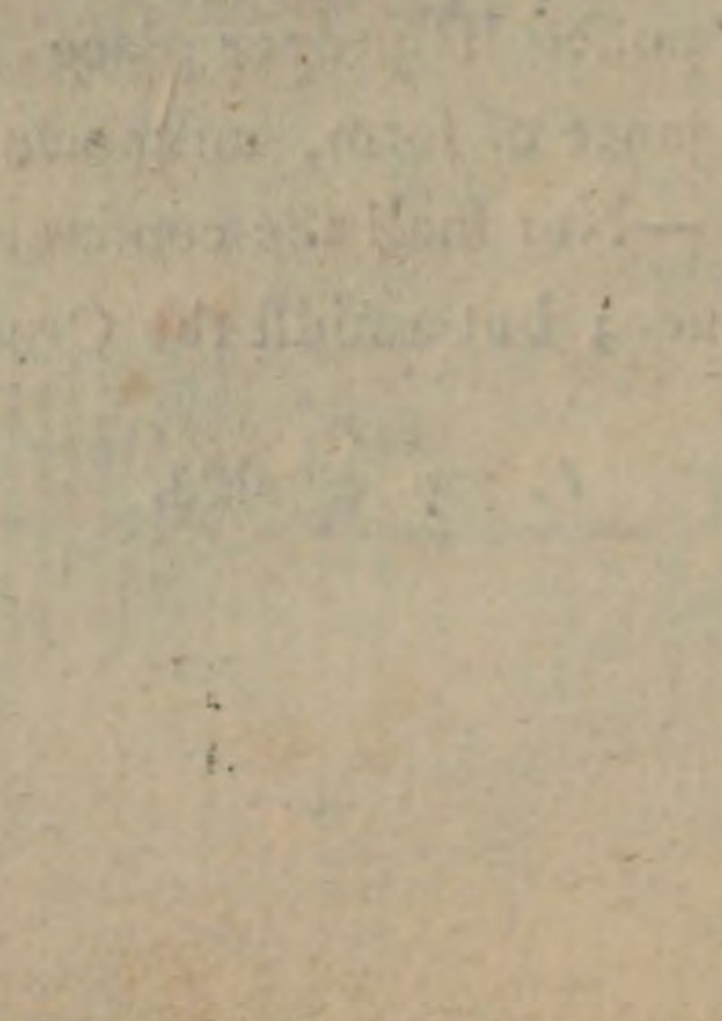
Shrunk to a thing of nought. Oh! how he longs
To have his paſſport ſign'd, and be diſmiſs'd!
'Tis done! and now he's happy:—The glad *Soul*
Has not a wiſh uncrown'd.—Ev'n the lag *Fleſh*
Reſts too *in Hope* of meeting once again
Its better half, never to ſunder more.
Nor ſhall it hope in vain:—The time draws on
When not a ſingle ſpot of burial-earth,
Whether on Land, or in the ſpacious Sea,
But muſt give back its long committed duſt
Inviolate:—And faithfully ſhall theſe
Make up the full account; not the leaſt atom
Embezzl'd, or miſlaid, of the whole tale.
Each *Soul* ſhall have a *Body* ready furniſh'd;
And each ſhall have his own.—Hence ye prophane,
Aſk not, how this can be?—Sure the ſame pow'r
That rear'd the piece at firſt, and took it down,
Can re-aſſemble the looſe ſcatter'd parts,
And put them as they were.—Almighty God
Has done much more; nor is his arm impair'd
Thro' length of days; and what he can, he will:
His Faithfulneſs ſtands bound to ſee it done.
When the dread trumpet ſounds, the ſlumb'ring duſt,
(Not unattentive to the call,) ſhall wake:
And ev'ry joint poſſeſs its proper place
With a new elegance of form, unknown
To its firſt ſtate.—Nor ſhall the conſcious *Soul*
Miſtake its partner; but amidſt the Croud

V. 729. diſmis'd.

Singling

Singling its other half, into its arms
Shall ruſh, with all th' impatience of a Man
That's new come home, who, having long been abſent,
With haſte runs over ev'ry different room,
In pain to ſee the whole. Thrice happy meeting!
Nor *Time*, nor *Death*, ſhall ever part them more.
'Tis but a Night, a long and moonleſs Night,
We make the *Grave* our bed, and then are gone.

Thus, at the ſhut of ev'n, the weary Bird
Leaves the wide air, and in ſome lonely brake
Cow'rs down, and dozes till the dawn of day,
Then claps his well-fledg'd wings, and bears away.



ELEGY:

TO SPRING.

(WRITTEN IN THE AUTHORS LAST SICKNESS.)

BY MICHAEL BRUCE.*

From his "Poems," 1782.

'TIS paſt; the iron North has ſpent his rage;
Stern Winter now reſigns the length'ning day;
The ſtormy howlings of the winds aſſwage,
And warm o'er ether weſtern breezes play.

Of genial heat and cheerful light the ſource,
From ſouthern climes, beneath another ſky,
The ſun, returning, wheels his golden courſe;
Before his beams all noxious vapours fly.

Far to the North grim Winter draws his train
To his own clime, to Zembla's frozen ſhore;
Where, thron'd on ice, he holds eternal reign;
Where whirlwinds madden, and where tempeſts roar.

Loos'd from the bands of froſt, the verdant ground
Again puts on her robe of cheerful green,
Again puts forth her flow'rs; and all around,
Smiling, the cheerful face of Spring is ſeen.

* *Born* 17. . ; *dyed* 17. . .

Behold!

Behold! the trees new-deck their wither'd boughs;
Their ample leaves the hoſpitable plane,
The taper elm, and lofty aſh diſcloſe;
The blooming hawthorn variegates the ſcene.

The lily of the vale, of flow'rs the queen,
Puts on the robe ſhe neither ſew'd nor ſpun:
The birds on ground, or on the branches green,
Hop to and fro, and glitter in the ſun.

Soon as o'er eaſtern hills the morning peers,
From her low neſt the tufted lark upſprings;
And cheerful ſinging, up the air ſhe ſteers;
Still high ſhe mounts, ſtill loud and ſweet ſhe ſings.

On the green furze, cloth'd o'er with golden blooms,
That fill the air with fragrance all around,
The linet ſits, and tricks his gloſſy plumes,
While o'er the wild his broken notes reſound.

While the ſun journeys down the weſtern ſky,
Along the green-ſward, mark'd with Roman mound,
Beneath the blithſome ſhepherd's watchful eye,
The cheerful lambkins dance and friſk around.

Now is the time for thoſe who wiſdom love,
Who love to walk in virtue's flow'ry road,
Along the lovely paths of Spring to rove.
And follow Nature up to Nature's God.

Thus Zoroaſter ſtudied Nature's laws;
Thus Socrates, the wiſeſt of mankind;
Thus heav'n-taught Plato trac'd th' Almighty cauſe,
And left the wond'ring multitude behind.

Thus Aſhley gather'd Academic bays;
Thus gentle Thomſon, as the Seaſons roll,
Taught them to ſing the great Creator's praiſe,
And bear their poet's name from pole to pole.

Thus have I walk'd along the dewy lawn;
My frequent foot the blooming wild hath worn;
Before the lark I've ſung the beauteous dawn,
And gather'd health from all the gales of morn,

And, even when Winter chill'd the aged year,
I wander'd lonely o'er the hoary plain;
Tho' froſty Boreas warn'd me to forbear,
Boreas, with all his tempeſts, warn'd in vain.

Then ſleep my nights, and quiet bleſs'd my days;
I fear'd no loſs, my MIND was all my ſtore;
No anxious wiſhes e'er diſturb'd my eaſe;
Heav'n gave content and health—I aſk'd no more.

Now Spring returns: but not to me returns
The vernal joy my better years have known;
Dim in my breaſt life's dying taper burns,
And all the joys of life with health are flown.

Starting and ſhiv'ring in th' inconſtant wind,
Meagre and pale, the ghoſt of what I was,
Beneath ſome blaſted tree I lie reclin'd,
And count the ſilent moments as they paſs:

The winged moments, whoſe unſtaying ſpeed
No art can ſtop, or in their courſe arreſt;
Whoſe flight ſhall ſhortly count me with the dead,
And lay me down in peace with them that reſt.

Oft morning-dreams preſage approaching fate;
And morning-dreams, as poets tell, are true:
Led by pale ghoſts, I enter Death's dark gate,
And bid the realms of light and life adieu.

I hear the helpleſs wail, the ſhriek of wo;
I ſee the muddy wave, the dreary ſhore,
The ſluggiſh ſtreams that ſlowly creep below,
Which mortals viſit, and return no more.

Farewell, ye blooming fields! ye cheerful plains!
Enough for me the church-yard's lonely mound,
Where Melancholy with ſtill Silence reigns,
And the rank graſs waves o'er the cheerleſs ground.

There let me wander at the ſhut of eve,
When ſleep ſits dewy on the labourer's eyes,
The world and all its buſy follies leave,
And talk with wiſdom where my Daphnis* lies.

* "*A young boy of great parts,*" *to whoſe memory the author has left a monody, in imitation of Miltons Lycidas.*

There

There let me ſleep forgotten in the clay,
When death ſhall ſhut theſe weary aching eyes,
Reſt in the hopes of an eternal day,
Till the long night's gone, and the 'laſt' morn 'riſe'.

V. 91. loſt. ariſe. *PC.*

THE CALEDONIAN MUSE.

PART II.

POEMS

BY UNCERTAIN AUTHORS.

SIR PENNY.

From Lord Haileses edition, after the Hyndford MS.

RYCHT fane wald I my quentans mak
With Sir Penny; and wat ye quhy?
He is a man will undertak
Lands for to ſell, and [als to] by;
Thairfoir, me think, rycht fane wuld I
With him in felloſchip to repair;
Becaus he is in cumpany
Ane noble gyd bayth lait and air.

Sir Penny for till hald in hand,
His cumpany thay think ſo ſweit,
Sum givis na cair to ſell his land,
With gud Sir Penny for to meit;
Becauſe he is a noble ſpreit,
Ane furthy man, and ane forſeand;
Thair is no matter to end compleit,
Quhill he ſett to his ſeill and hand.

Sir Penny is a vailyeant man,
Off mekle ſtrenth and dignitie,
And evir ſen the warld began,
In to this land autoreiſt is he;
With king and quene may ye nocht ſe,
They treit him ay ſo tendirly,
That thair can na thing endit be,
Without him in thair cumpany.

Sir Penny is a man of law,
Witt ye weill, bayth wyis and war,
And mony reſſonis can furth ſchaw,
Quhen he is ſtandand at the bar;
Is nane ſo wyis can him defar,
Quhen he proponis furth ane ple,
Nor yit ſa hardy man that dar
Sir Penny tyne, or diſobey.

Sir Penny is baith ſcherp and wyis,
The kirks to ſteir he takks on hand;
Diſponar he is of benefyis,
In to this realme, our all the land,

Is none ſo wicht dar him ganeſtand;
So wyiſly can Sir Penny wirk,
And als Sir Simony his ſerwand,
That now is gydar of the kirk.

Gif to the courts thow maks repair,
And thow haif materis to proclame,
Thow art unable weill to fair,
Sir Penny and thow leif at hame.
To bring him furth thynk thow na ſchame,
I do ye weill to underſtand;
Into thy bag beir thow his name,
Thy mater cummis the bettir till hand.

Sir Penny now is made ane owle,
Thay wirk him mekle tray and tene,
Thay hald him in quhill he hair-mowle,
And makis him blind of baith his ene;
Thairowt he is bot ſeyndill ſene,
Sa faſt thairain they can him ſteik,
That pure commownis can nocht obtene
Ane day to byd with him to ſpeik.

THE

WIFE of AUCHTERMUCHTY.

From the ſame authority.

IN Auchtermuchty thair dwelt ane man,
An huſband, as I hard it tawld,
Quha weill could tippill out a can,
And naithir luvit hungir nor cauld:
Quhill anis it fell upon a day,
He yokkit his pleuch upon the plain;
Gif it be trew, as I heard ſay,
The day was fowll for wind and rain.

He lowſit the pleuch at the landis end,
And draife his oxin hame at evin;
Quhen he come in he lukit ben,
And ſaw the wif baith dry and clene,
And ſittand at ane fyre, beik and bawld,
With ane fat ſowp, as I hard ſay:
The man being verry weit and cawld,
Betwein thay twa it was na play.

Quoth he, Quhair is my horſis corn?
My ox hes naithir hay nor ſtray;
Dame, ye man to the pleuch to morn,
I ſall be huſſy, gif I may.

Huſband, quoth ſcho, content am I
To tak the pleuch my day about,
Sa ye will rewll baith kavis and ky,
And all the houſe baith in and out.

But ſen that ye will huſſyſkep ken,
Firſt ye ſall ſift, and ſyne ſall kned;
And ay as ye gang but and ben,
Luke that the bairnis dry*t* not the bed.
Yeis lay ane ſoft wyſp to the kill,
We haif ane deir ferme on our heid,
And ay as ye gang furth and in,
Keip weill the gaiſlingis fra the gled.

The wyf was up richt late at evin,
I pray God gife her evill to fair,
Scho kirnd the kirn, and ſkumd it clene,
And left the gudeman bot the bledoch bair;
Than in the morning up ſcho gat,
And on hir hairt laid hir disjune,
And pat als meikle in hir lap,
As micht haif ſerd them baith at nune.

Says, Jok, will be thou maiſter of wark,
And thou ſall had, and I ſall kall;
Iſe promiſe the ane gude new ſark,
Outhir of round claith or of ſmall,
Scho lowſit the oxin aught or nine,
And hynt ane gad-ſtaff in her hand;
Up the gudeman raiſe aftir ſyne,
And ſaw the wyf had done command.

And

And cawd the gaiſlingis furth to feid,
Thair was bot ſevenſum of tham all;
And by thair cumis the gredy gled,
And lickit up five, left him bot twa;
Than out he ran in all his mane,
How ſune he hard the gaiſlingis cry;
But than or he came in againe,
The calvis brak louſe, and ſuckit the ky.

The calvis and ky met in the lone,
The man ran with ane rung to red;
Than thair cumis ane ill-willy cow,
And brodit his buttok quhill that it bled.
Than hame ran to an rok of tow,
And he ſatt down to ſay the ſpinning;
I trow he lowtit our neir the low,
Quoth he, this wark hes ill beginning.

Than to the kirn that did he ſtoure,
And jumlit at it quhill he ſwat:
Quhen he had fumblit a full lang hour,
The ſorow ſcrap of butter he gatt.
Albeit na butter he could gett,
Yit he was cummerit with the kirne,
And ſyne he het the milk our het,
And ſorrow a ſpark of it wald yyrne.

Than ben their cam ane greidy ſow,
I trow he cund hir littill thank;
For in ſcho ſchot hir mekle mow,
And ay ſcho winkit and ſcho drank.

He

He cleikit up ane crukit club,
And thocht to hitt the ſow a rout,
The twa gaiſlings the gled had left,
That ſtraik clang baith their harnis out.

Than he bear kendling to the kill,
But ſcho ſtart all up in ane low;
Quhat evir he hard, quhat evir he ſaw,
That day he had na will to wow.
Than he gied to take up the bairnis,
Thocht to haif fund thame fair and clene;
The firſt that he got in his armis,
Was all bedirtin to the ene.

The firſt that he gat in his armis,
It was all dirt up to the eine;
The devill cut aff thair hands, quoth he,
That fild you all as ſow yiſtrein.
He trailit the foull ſheitis down the gait,
Thocht to haif waſcht them on an ſtane,
The burn wes riſen grit of ſpait,
Away fra him the ſheitis hes tane.

Then up he gat on ane know heid,
On hir to cry, on hir to ſchout,
Scho hard him, and ſcho hard him not,
Bot ſtoutly ſteirid the ſtottis about.
Scho draif the day unto the nicht,
Scho lowſit the pleuch and ſyne come hame;
Scho fand all wrang that ſould bene richt,
I trow the man thocht right grit ſchame.

Quoth

Quoth he, my office I forſaik,
For all the dayis of my lyfe,
For I wald put ane houſe to wraik,
Had I bene twenty dayis gudwife.
Quoth ſcho, weill met ye bruke your place,
For trewlie I will never excepit;
Quoth he, feind fall the lyaris face,
Bot yit ye may be blyth to get it.

Than up ſcho gat ane mekle rung,
And the gudman maid to the doir;
Quoth he, Deme, I ſall hald my tung,
For and we fecht I'll gett the woir.
Quoth he, quhen I forſeik my pleuch,
I trow I bot forſuk my ſeill,
And I will to my pleuch agane,
For I and this hous will nevir do weill.

THE

HONEY-MOON.

From a MS. of the latter part of the 16*th century, in the Cotton library.*

BY weſt of late as I dyd walke,
In the pryme tyme of the day,
Yt was my chaunce to here the talke
Of two yonge folkes in 'fay';
They had not bene marred at the kyrke
Thre dayes then fully paſt,
The good man bad his wyffe to worke,
Nay ſoft, quod ſhe, no haſte,
For now
I wyll, quod ſhe, not worke for the,
I make to God a vowe.

And yf thow wylt not worke, quod he,
Thou drab I ſhall the dryve.
I would to God, thow knave, quod ſhe,
Thou durſt that matter 'pryve.'
The godman for to beate his wyffe
In hande a paſe he went, —
He caught two blowes vpon his head
For every one he lent,
In dede;
He never 'blan' beating her than —
Tyll both hys eares dyd blede.

V. 4. fay. *MS.* *V.* 15. preve. *MS.*
V. 21. blande. *MS.*

He

He was ſo ſtowte and ſterne that ſtoure,
And fearſſe with her in fyght,
That even vpon the ſtony flowre —
She knokt his head full ryght.
The good wyffe was wonderous wake in hande,
Fearefull and nothing bold,
But he — had never a fott to ſtande
When ſhe of hym caught hold,
By the crage;
And with her fyſt his mouth ſhe kyſt,
As faſt as yt myght wagge.

Now then, ſhe cryed lowd, a lake!
I do you well to wytt—
But he lay downe vpon his bake,
And ſhe ſtode on her fett;
Bending her ſelffe to hym a pacce,
She cryed him merſy then,—
And pylled the barke even of hys face
With her commaundementes ten;
And oft
She dyd hym doſſe abowt the noſſe,
Tyll 'al' hys facce was ſofte.

Now when the neybowres hard the noyſe,
So longe betwen them twayne,
They wyſt yt was no wanton toyes,
And faſt thether they ranne;
But when they came, in vayne yt was,
The dores was ſparred rounde,

V. 44. at. *MS.*

The good wyffe cryed owt alas!
But he — lay on the grounde,
Well beate;
Lying alonge he fayd among
That better he would her heate.

Hys neybowres they were ſore afrayde
That he would kyll hys wyffe,
Then hym full inſtantly they prayde
To ſtynt and leave hys ſtryffe,
And not hys wrath vpon her 'wreache',
They dyd hym all exorte;
Nay, nay, quod he, I ſhall her teache
How ſhe ſhall be ſo ſhorte
With me;—
Yet on his face ſhe layd apace,
And cryed hym ſtyll merſe.

Whiche thing to here the neyboures all
Dyd pytty her ſo ſore,
That to the goodman they dyd call,
And ſayd, for ſhame, no more:
He bad them then go pyke them hóme,
And there go medle them now;
I am, quod he, not ſuche a one,
To leave fighting for yowe,
I trow:
Yet for all this, they ſayd, I wys,
Small neyboure hede he dyd ſhowe.

F. 60. wyrke. *MS.*

Some

Some prayed hym, in avoyding cryme,
That he hys hande would hold;
Let her, quod he, another tyme,
Not be with me ſo bolde;
For ſuredly, and owght I were
To bede her taunte or cheke,—
But he could ſcante the ſame declare,
She held ſo faſt hys neke,
In a bande;
Alas, quod ſhe, wyll ye kyll me?
Swete huſbaund, hold youre hande.

His neyboures then were ſore afrayed,
That he would her devoure,
The dorres then being faſt ſparrèd
They threw them in the flowre;
The good wyffe lepte away apace,
When ſhame had put to flyght,
And he, well blowen abowt the face,
Began to ſtande upright,
Nere made;
No wyght of ſkyll, I think, judge wyll
But he thereoff was glade.

All thoughe his bake were ſomewhat duſt,
After a folyſhe guyſſe,
Yet was the man hym ſelffe ſo luſt,—
That ſcarcly he could ryſſe.
The good wyffe dyd her chamber take,
Shewing her ſelff in drede;

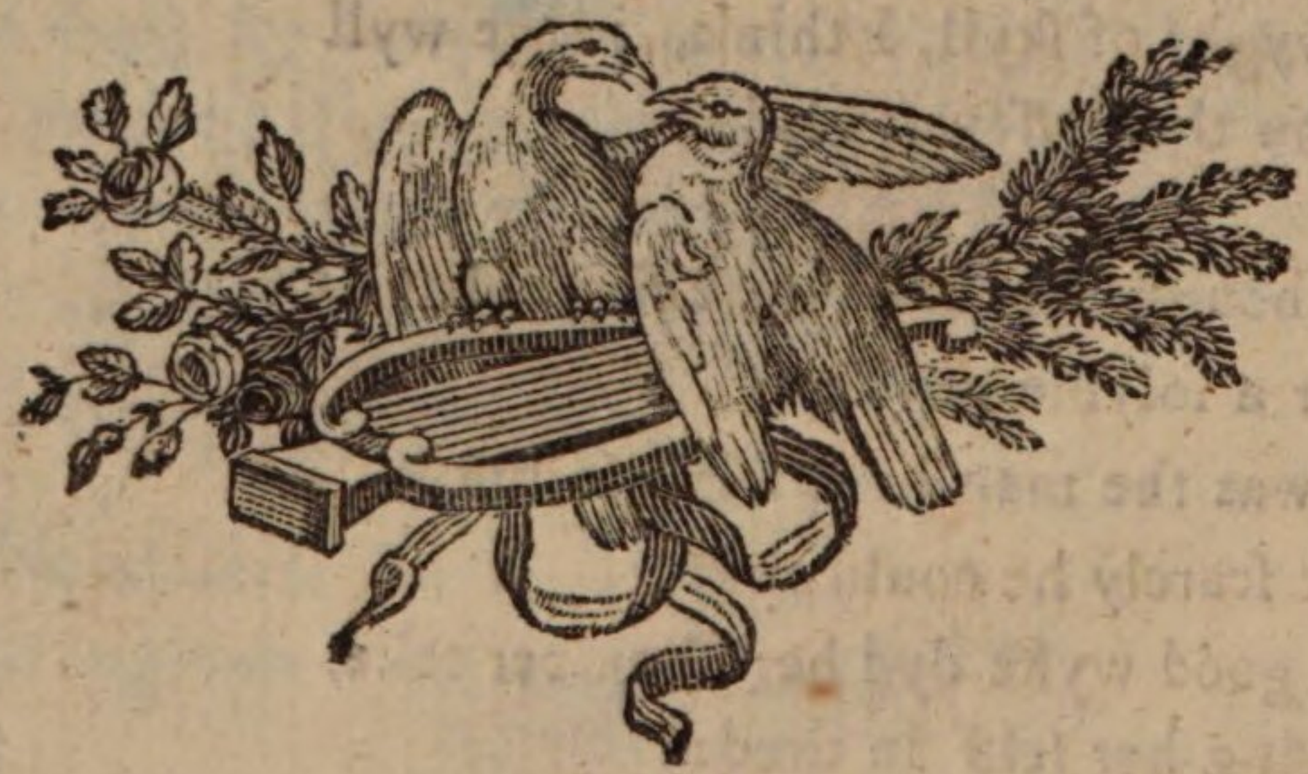
V. 92. flowre, *MS.*

To

To neyboures the goodman myrth dyd make,
To them that ſawe that dede,
All and ſome;
To whom he ſware, that he had thare
Slane her had they not come.

‘ Wiſh’ all yong marryed wyves I wyll
No ſuch maſters to ‘ pryve’,
But even obey youre huſbandes ſtyll,
Leſſe they to worke yowe dryve;
And ſeing that yt ys not the beſt
To leve in debate and ſtryffe,
God ſend all ‘ then’ that quiet reſt
May be with man and wyffe,
To the end:
Grant vs all pray both night and day,
That God ſuch grace may ſende.

V. 111. with. *MS.*
V. 112. preve. *MS.*
V. 117. them. *MS.*
V. 120. Grant] ſic *MS.* f. Lat (*Let*).



THE

BATTLE OF HARLAW,

FOUGHTEN UPON FRIDAY, JULY 24. 1411, AGAINST DONALD OF THE ISLES.

From "the Ever Green."

FRAE Dunideir as I cam throuch,
Doun by the hill of Banochie,
Allangſt the lands of Garioch,
Grit pitie was to heir and ſe
The noys and duleſum hermonie,
That evir that dreiry day did daw,
Cryand the Corynoch on hie,
Alas! alas! for the Harlaw.

I marvlit quhat the matter meint,
All folks war in a fiery fairy:
I wiſt nocht quha was fae or freind;
Zit quietly I did me carrie.
But ſen the days of auld king Hairy,
Sic ſlauchter was not hard nor ſene,
And thair I had nae tyme to tairy,
For biſſineſs in Aberdene.

Thus as I walkit on the way,
To Inverury as I went,
I met a man and bad him ſtay,
Requeiſting him to mak me quaint,

Of the beginning and the event,
That happenit thair at the Harlaw;
Then he entreited me tak tent,
And he the truth ſould to me ſchaw.

Grit Donald of the Yles did claim
Unto the lands of Roſs ſum richt,
And to the Governour he came,
Them for to haif gif that he micht:
Quha ſaw his intereſt was but ſlicht;
And thairfore anſwerit with diſdain;
He haſtit hame baith day and nicht,
And ſent nae bodward back again.

But Donald richt impatient
Of that anſwer duke Robert gaif,
He vowd to God omnipotent,
All the hale lands of Roſs to haif,
Or ells be graithed in his graif.
He wald not quat his richt for nocht,
Nor be abuſit lyk a ſlaif.
That bargin ſould be deirly bocht.

Then haiſtylie he did command,
That all his weir-men ſhould convene,
Ilk an well harniſit frae hand,
To meit and heir quhat he did mein;

V. 27. Governour.] Robert duke of Albany, uncle to King James I. The account of this famous battle may be ſeen in our Scots hiſtories.

He

He waxit wrath and vowit tein,
Sweirand he wald ſurpryſe the North,
Subdew the brugh of Aberdene
Mearns, Angus, and all Fyfe, to Forth.

Thus with the weir-men of the Yles,
Quha war ay at his bidding bown,
With money maid, with forſs and wyls,
Richt far and neir baith up and doun:
Throw mount and muir, frae town to town,
Allangſt the lands of Roſs he roars,
And all obey'd at his bandown,
Evin frae the North to Suthren ſhoars.

Then all the countrie men did zield;
For nae reſiſtans durſt they mak,
Nor offer battil in the feild,
Be forſs of arms to beir him bak;
Syne they reſolvit all and ſpak,
That beſt it was for thair behoif,
They ſould him for thair chiftain tak,
Believing weil he did them luve.

Then he a proclamation maid,
All men to meet at Inverneſs,
Throw Murray land to mak a raid,
Frae Arthurſyre unto Spey-neſs.
And further mair, he ſent expreſs,
To ſchaw his collours and enſenzie,
To all and ſindry, mair and leſs,
Throchout the boundis of Boyn and Enzie.

And then throw fair Strathbogie land,
His purpoſe was for to purſew,
And quhaſoevir durſt gainſtand,
That race they ſhould full fairly rew.
Then he bad all his men be trew,
And him defend by forſs and ſlicht,
And promiſt them rewardis anew,
And mak them men of mekle micht.

Without reſiſtans as he ſaid,
Throw all theſe parts he ſtoutly paſt,
Quhair ſum war wae, and ſum war glaid,
But Garioch was all agaſt.
Throw all theſe feilds he ſped him faſt,
For ſic a ſicht was never ſene;
And then, forſuith, he lang'd at laſt
To ſe the bruch of Aberdene.

To hinder this prowd enterpriſe,
The ſtout and michty erle of Marr
With all his men in arms did ryſe,
Even frae Curgarf to Craigyvar,
And down the ſyde of Don richt far,
Angus and Mearns did all convene
To fecht, or Donald came ſae nar
The ryall bruch of Aberdene.

V. 90. Marr] Alexander earl of Mar, ſon of Alexander the governour's brother.

And

And thus the martial erle of Marr,
Marcht with his men in richt array,
Befoir the enemie was aware,
His banner bauldly did diſplay.
For weil enewch they kend the way,
And all their ſemblance weil they ſaw,
Without all dangir or delay,
Came haiſtily to the Harlaw.

With him the braif lord Ogilvy,
Of Angus ſherriff principall,
The conſtabill of gude Dunde,
The vanguard led before them all.
Suppoſe in number they war ſmall,
Thay firſt richt bauldlie did purſew,
And maid thair faes befoir them fall,
Quha then that race did ſairly rew.

And then the worthy lord Salton,
The ſtrong undoubted laird of Drum,
The ſtalwart laird of Lawriſtone,
With ilk thair forces all and ſum.
Panmuir with all his men did cum,
The provoſt of braif Aberdené,
With trumpets and with tuick of drum,
Came ſchortly in thair armour ſchene.

Theſe with the erle of Marr came on,
In the reir-ward richt orderlie,
Thair enemies to ſett upon;
In awfull manner hardily,

Togither vowit to live and die,
Since they had marchit mony mylis,
For to ſuppreſs the tyrannie
Of douted Donald of the Yles.

But he in number ten to ane,
Richt ſubtilie alang did ryde,
With Malcomtoſch and fell Maclean,
With all their power at thair ſyde,
Preſumeand on thair ſtrenth and pryde,
Without all feir or ony aw,
Richt bauldie battill did abyde,
Hard by the town of fair Harlaw.

The armies met, the trumpet ſounds,
The dandring drums alloud did touk,
Baith armies byding on the bounds,
Till ane of them the feild ſould bruik.
Nae help was thairfor, nane wald jouk,
Ferſs was the fecht on ilka ſyde,
And on the ground lay mony a bouk
Of them that thair did battill byd.

With doutſum victorie they dealt,
The bludy battil laſtit lang,
Each man his nibours forſs thair felt;
The weakeſt aft-tymes gat the wrang:
Thair was nae mowis thair them amang,
Naithing was hard but heavy knocks,
That Eccho maid a dulefull ſang,
Thairto reſounding frae the rocks.

But

But Donalds men at laſt gaif back;
For they war all out of anay.
The erl of Marris men throw them brak,
Purſewing ſhairply in thair way,
Thair enemys to tak or ſlay,
Be dynt of forſs to gar them yield,
Quha war richt blyth to win away,
And ſae for feirdneſs tint the feild.

Then Donald fled, and that full faſt,
To mountains hich for all his micht;
For he and his war all agaſt,
And ran till they war out of ſicht;
And ſae of Roſs he loſt his richt,
Thocht mony men with him he brocht,
Towards the Yles fled day and nicht,
And all he wan was deirlie bocht.

This is, (quod he) the richt report
Of all that I did heir and knaw,
Thocht my diſcourſe be ſumthing ſchort,
Tak this to be a richt ſuthe ſaw:
Contrairie God and the kings law,
Thair was ſpilt mekle Chriſtian blude,
Into the battil of Harlaw;
This is the ſum, ſae I conclude.

But zit a bony quhyle abyde,
And I ſall mak thee cleirly ken
Quhat ſlauchter was on ilkay ſyde,
Of Lowland and of Highland men,

Quha for thair awin haif evir bene:
Theſe lazie lowns micht weil be ſpaird,
Cheſſit lyke deirs into thair 'den',
And gat thair waiges for rewaird.

Malcomtoſch of the clan heid cheif,
Macklean with his grit hauchty heid,
With all thair ſuccour and releif,
War dulefully dung to the deid:
And now we are freid of thair feid,
They will not lang to cum again;
Thouſands with them without remeid,
On Donalds ſyd that day war ſlain.

And on the uther ſyde war loſt,
Into the feild that diſmal day,
Chief men of worth (of mekle coſt)
To be lamentit ſair for ay.
The lord Saltoun of Rothemay,
A man of micht and mekle main;
Grit dolour was for his decay,
That ſae unhappylie was ſlain.

Of the beſt men amang them was,
The gracious gude lord Ogilvy,
The ſheriff-principal of Angus;
Renownit for truth and equitie,
For faith and magnanimitie;
He had few fallows in the field,
Zit fell by fatall deſtinie,
For he nae ways wad grant to zield.

V. 183. dens. *R.*

Sir

Sir James Scrimgeor of Duddap, knicht,
Grit conſtabill of fair Dunde,
Unto the dulefull deith was dicht,
The kingis cheif banner-man was he,
A valziant man of chevalrie,
Quhais predeceſſors wan that place
At Spey, with gude king William frie,
Gainſt Murray and Macduncans race.

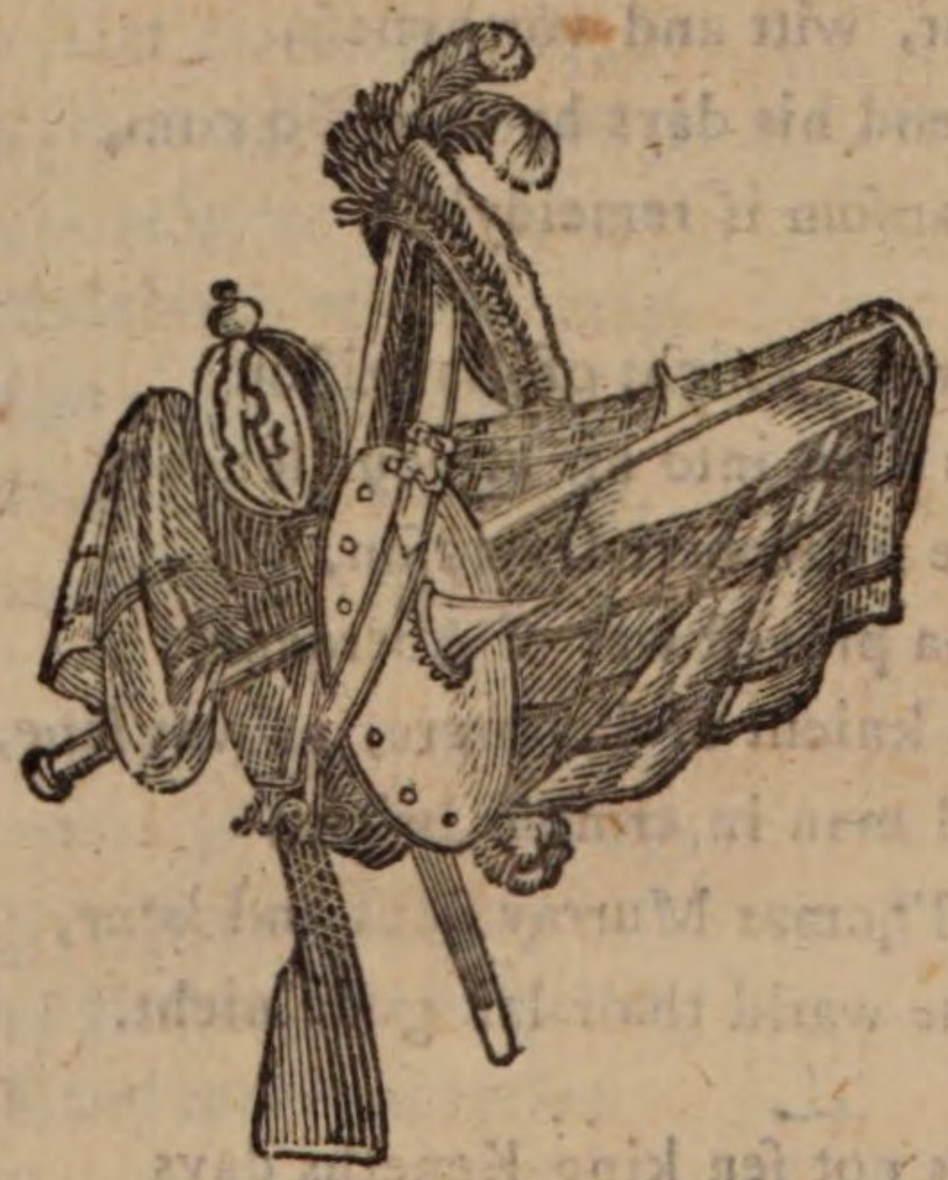
Gude ſir Allexander Irving,
The much renownit laird of Drum,
Nane in his days was bettir ſene,
Quhen they were ſemblit all and ſum?
To praiſe him we ſould not be dumm,
For valour, witt and worthyneſs,
To end his days he ther did cum,
Quhois ranſom is remeidyleſs.

And thair the knicht of Lawriſton
Was ſlain into his armour ſchene,
And gude ſir Robert Davidſon,
Quha proveſt was of Aberdene,
The knicht of Panmure, as was ſene,
A mortall man in armour bricht,
Sir Thomas Murray ſtout and kene,
Left to the warld thair laſt gude nicht.

Thair was not ſen king Keneths days
Sic ſtrange inteſtine crewel ſtryfe
In Scotland ſene, as ilk man ſays,
Quhair mony liklie loſt thair lyfe;

Quhilk maid divorce twene man and wyfe,
And mony childrene fatherleſs,
Quhilk in this realme has bene full ryfe;
Lord help theſe lands, our wrangs redreſs.

In July, on Saint James his even,
That four and twenty diſmall day,
Twelve hundred, ten ſcore and eleven,
Of zeirs ſen Chryſt, the ſuthe to ſay:
Men will remember as they may,
Quhen thus the veritie they knaw,
And mony a ane may murn for ay,
The brim battil of the Harlaw.



THE
BALLAT OF THE REID-SQUAIR,
FOUGHT ON THE 7TH JULY 1576.

From the ſame authority.

ON July ſeventh, the ſuthe to ſay,
At the Reid-Squair the tryſt was ſet,
Our wardens they affixt the day,
And as they promiſt, ſae they met:
Allace! that day I'll neir forzet,
Was ſure ſae feird, and then ſae fain,
They came ther juſtice for to get,
Will nevir grein to cum again.

Carmichael was our warden then,
He cauſit the countrey to convene,
And the laird Watt, that worthy man,
Brocht in his ſurname weil be ſene:
The Armſtrangs to that ay haif bene
A hardy houſe, but not a hail;
The Eliots honours to mentain,
Broucht in the laif of Liddiſdail.

Then 'Tewidail' came to with ſpeid,
The ſcherif brocht the Douglas doun,
With Cranſtane, Gladſtane, gude at neid,
Baith Rewls-Watter and Hawick-Toun.

V. 17. 'Tewidail'] i. e. *Tevidale or Teviotdale.* Twidail. *R.*

Beangeddert

Beangeddert bauldly maid him boun,
With all the Trumbulls ſtrang and ſtout;
The Rutherfuirds, with grit renoun,
Convoyit the town of Jedbruch out.

With uther clanns I can nocht tell,
Becauſe our wairning was nocht wyde,
Be this our folk hes tane the fell,
And plantit pallions thair to byde:
We lukit doun the uther ſyde,
And ſaw cum breiſting owre the brae,
And ſr George Foſter was thair gyde,
With fyftene hundrid men and mae.

It greivt him ſair that day I trow,
With ſr John Hinrome of Schipſydehouſe,
Becauſe we wer not men enow,
He counted us not worth a ſouſe;
Sr George was gentill, meik and douſe,
But he was hail, and het as fyre;
But zit, for all his cracking crouſe,
He rewd the raid of the Reid-ſquyre.

To deil with proud men is but pain,
For ether ze maun ficht or flie,
Or els nae anſwer mak again,
But play the beiſt, and let him be.
It was nae wondir tho he was hie,
Had Tyndall, Redſdaile at his hand,
With Cuckſdaile, Gladſdaile on the lie,
Auld Hebſrime and Northumberland.

Zit was our meiting meik enough,
Begun with mirrines and mows,
And at the brae abune the heugh
The clerk ſat doun to call the rows,
And ſum for ky and ſum for ewis,
Callit in of Dandrie, Hob and Jock,
I ſaw cum merching owre the knows,
Fyve hundred Fennicks in a flock.

With jack and ſpeir, and bowis all bent,
And warlick weaponis at thair will;
Howbeit we wer not weil content,
Zit be my trowth we feird nae ill:
Sum zeid to drink, and ſum ſtude ſtill,
And ſum to cairds and dyce them ſped,
Quhyle on ane farſtein they fyld a bill,
And he was fugitive that fled.

Carmichaell bad them ſpeik out plainly,
And cloke nae cauſe for ill nor gude,
The uther anſwering him full vainly,
Begouth to reckon kin and blude.
He raiſe and raxd him quhair he ſtude,
And bad him match him with his marrows:
Then Tyndall hard theſe reſouns rude,
And they lute aff a flicht of arrows.

Then was ther nocht but bow and ſpeir,
And ilka man pullit out ane brand,
A Schaften and a Fennick their,
Gude Symmingtoun was ſlain frae hand.

The

The Scotiſmen cryd on uther to ſtand,
Frae tyme they ſaw John Robſon ſlain:
Quhat ſuld they cry! The kings command
Culd cauſe nae cowards turn again.

Up raiſe the laird to red the cumber,
Quhilk wald not be for all his boiſt,
Quhat ſuld we do with ſic a number,
Fyve thouſand men into ane hoiſt?
Then Henrie Purdie proud hes coſt,
And verie narrowlie had miſcheifd him,
And ther we had our warden loſt,
Wart not the grit God he releivd him.

Ane uther throw the breiks him bair,
Quhyle flatlines to the ground he fell:
Then thocht I, we had loſt him thair,
Into my heart it ſtruk a knell;
Zit up he raiſe, the truth to tell,
And laid about him dunts full dour,
His horſemen they faucht ſtout and ſnell,
And ſtude about him in the ſtour.

Then raiſd the ſlogan with ane ſchout,
Fy, Tyndall to it, Jedbrugh heir:
I trow he was not half ſae ſtout,
But anes his ſtomak was a ſteir,
With gun and genzie, bow and ſpeir,
He micht ſe mony a crackit crown,
But up amang the merchant geir
The buſſie wer as we were down.

The

The ſwallow-tail frae teckles flew,
Fyve hundred ſlain into the flicht,
But we had peſtellets anew,
And ſchot among them as we micht.
With help of God the game gade richt,
Frae tyme the foremoſt of them fell;
Hynd owre the know, without gude-nicht,
They ran with mony a ſchout and zell.

And after they had turned backs,
Zit Tyndall men they turnd again,
And had not bene the merchant packs,
There had bene mae of Scotland ſlain:
But Jeſu gif the folk was fain
To put the buſſing on thair theis,
And ſae they fled with all thair main,
Doun owre the brae lyke clogged beis.

Sr Francis Ruſſell tane was thair,
And hurt as we heir men reherſe;
Proud Wallingtoun was woundit ſair,
Albeit he was a Fennick ferſs.
But gif ze wald a ſouldier ſerche
Amang them all was tane that nicht,
Was nane ſae wordie of our verſe
As Colingwood that courteous knicht.

Zung Henrie ſkapit hame, is hurt,
A ſouldier ſchot him with a bow,
Scotland has cauſe to mak grit ſturt,
For laiming of the laird of Mow.

The laird Watt did weil indeid,
His friends ſtude ſtoutly by himſell,
With litle Gladſtane, gude in neid,
For Gretein kend not gude be ill.

The Scheriff wantit not gude-will,
Howbeit he micht not ficht ſae faſt:
Beanjeadart, Hundlie and Hunthill,
Three, on they laid weil at the laſt,
Except the horſe-men of the gaird,
If I could put men to avail,
Nane ſtoutlier ſtude out for thair laird,
Nor did the lads of Liddiſdail.

But litle harniſe had we thair,
But auld Badrule had on a jack,
And did richt weil, I zou declair,
With all the Trumbulls at his back.
Gude Ederſtane was not to lack,
With Kirktoun, Newtoun, nobill-men;
Thir is all the ſpecials I haif ſpak,
Forby them that I could nocht ken.

Quha did invent that day of play,
We neid nocht feir to find him ſune,
For ſr John Foſter, I dare weil ſay,
Maid us that noyſome afternune:
Not that I ſpeik preceiſly out,
That he ſuppoſd it wald be perrill,
But pryde and breaking out, but dout,
Gart Tyndall lads begin the quarrell.

THE LIFE AND DEATH OF THE PIPER OF KILBARCHAN:

OR,

The epitaph of Habbie Simſon,
Who on his drone bore bonny flags;
He made his cheeks as red as crimſon,
And babbed when he blew the bags.

From the collection of "*Scots Poems*," 1706, &c.

KILBARCHAN now may ſay, Alas!
For ſhe hath loſt her game and grace,
Both trixie and the maiden trace:
But what remead?
For no man can ſupply his place,
Hab Simſon's dead!

Now who ſhall play, *The Day it daws?*
Or, hunt up, when the cock he craws?
Or who can for our Kirk-town cauſe,
Stand us in ſtead?
On bagpipes (now) no body blaws,
Sen Habbie's dead.

Or wha will cauſe our ſhearers ſhear?
Wha will bend up the brags of weir,
Bring in the bells or good play meir,

In time of need?
Hab Simſon cou'd, what needs you ſpeer?
But (now) he's dead!

So kindly to his neighbours neeſt,
At Beltan and Saint Barchan's feeſt,
He blew, and then held up his breeſt
As he were weid;
But now we need not him arreſt,
For Habbie's dead!

At fairs he play'd before the ſpearmen,
All gaily graithed in their gear-men.
Steel bonnets, jacks, and ſwords ſo clear then,
Like any bead.
Now wha ſhall play before ſuch weir-men,
Sen Habbie's dead?

At Clark-plays when he wont to come,
His pipe play'd trimly to the drum,
Like bikes of bees he gart it bum,
And tun'd his reed.
Now all our pipers may ſing dum
Sen Habbie's dead!

And at horſe races many a day,
Before the black, the brown, the gray,
He gart his pipe when he did play,
Baith ſkirl and ſkreed.
Now all ſuch paſtime's quite away,
Sen Habbie's dead!

He

He counted was a weil'd wightman,
And fiercely at foot-ba' he ran;
At every game the gree he wan,
For pith and ſpeed.
The like of Habbie was na than,
But now he's dead!

And than, beſides his valiant acts,
At bridals he wan many placks,
He bobbed ay behind fo'ks backs,
And ſhook his head.
Now we want many merry cracks,
Sen Habbie's dead!

He was convoyer of the bride,
With kittock hinging at his ſide;
About the kirk he thought a pride
The ring to lead.
But now we may gae but a guide;
For Habbie's dead.

Sa well's he keeped his decorum,
And all the ſtots of Whip-meg-morum,
He ſlew a man, and wae's me for him,
And bare the feed;
But yet the man wan hame before him,
And was not deed.

Ay whan he play'd, the laſſes leugh,
To ſee him teethleſs, auld and teugh.
He wan his pipes beſide Borcheugh,

Withoutten dread;
Which after wan him gear enough,
But now he's dead!

Ay whan he play'd, the gaitlings gedder'd,
And whan he ſpake, the carl bledder'd.
On ſabbath days, his cap was fedder'd,
A ſeemly weid.
In the kirk-yard his mare ſtood tedder'd,
Where he lies dead!

Alas! for him, my heart is ſair,
For of his ſprings I gat a ſkair,
At every play, race, feaſt and fair,
But guile or greed.
We need not look for piping mair,
Sen Habbie's dead!

THE BANISHMENT OF POVERTY,

BY J. D. OF ALBANY.*

To the tune of *The laſt Good-night.*

From an old printed copy, compared with one in the collection of "Scots Poems," 1706, &c.

POX fa that poultring Poverty,
Wae worth the time that I him ſaw!
Since firſt he laid his fang on me,
Myſelf from him I dought ne'er draw:
His wink to me hath been a law,
He haunts me like a penny-dog,
Of him I ſtand far greater awe,
Than pupil does of pedagogue.

The firſt time that he met with me
Was at a clachen in the weſt,
Its name, I trow, Kilbarchan be,
Where Habbies drones blew many a blaſt.
There we ſhook hands, cald be his caſt,
An ill deed may that cuſteron die:
For there he gripped me right faſt
Where firſt I fell in cautionry.

* *Afterwards K. James VII. See the concluding ſtanza.*

Yet I had hopes to be reliev'd,
And freed from that foul laidly lown,
Fernzier when whiggs were all miſchiev'd,
And forc'd to fling their weapons down ;
When we chaſt them from Glaſgow town,
I with that ſwinger thought to graple,
But when Indempnity came down,
The lathron pow'd me by the thraple.

And yet in hope of ſome relief
A rade I made to Arinfrew ;
Where they did bravely buff my bief,
And made my body black and blew :
At Iuſtice court, I them purſew,
Expecting help by their reproof;
Indempnity thought nothing dew,
The deill a farthing for my loof.

But wiſhing that I wode ride eaſt,
To trot on foot I ſoon wode tire,
My page allow'd me not a beaſt,
I wanted guilt to pay the hire :
He and I lap o're many a ſire,
I ieucked him at Cather-cult ;
But long er I wan to Slipes-myre,
The ragged rogue raught me a whilt.

By Hollin-buſh and brig of Bony
We bickered down toward Bankier,
We fear'd no reavers for our money,
Nor whilly-whaes to grip our gear ;

My

My tatter'd tutor took no fear,
Tho' we did travel in the mirk,
He thought it fit, when we drew near,
To filſh a forrage at Falkirk.

No man wo'd open me the door,
Becauſe my comrade ſtood me by,
They dread full ill I was right poor
By my forcaſten company.
Then Cuningham did me eſpy,
By how and hair he haild me in,
And ſwore we ſhould not part ſo dry,
Tho' I were ſtripped to the ſkin.

We baid all night, but, lang or day,
My curſt companion bade me riſe,
I ſtart up ſoon and took my way,
He needed not to bid me twice.
But what to do we did adviſe,
In Lithgow we might not ſit down,
On a Scots groate we baited thrice,
And in at night to Edinburgh town.

We held the lang-gate to Lieth-wind,
Where pureſt purſes uſe to be,
And in the Caltown lodged ſine,
Fit quarters for ſik company.
Yet the High-town I fain would ſee,
But that my man did me diſcharge,
He will'd me Blackburns ale to prie,
And muff my baird, it was right large.

The morn I ventur'd up the winde,
And ſlung'd in at the Nether-bow,
Thinking that trooker for to tine,
Who does me damnage what he dow;
His company he does beſtow
On me to my great grief and pain,
Ere I the throng could wreſtle throw,
The lown was at my heills again.

I grien'd to gang on the plain-ſtanes,
To ſee if comrades wad me ken,
We twa gaid paceing there our lanes,
The hungry hours 'twixt twelve and ane;
When I kent na way how to fen,
My guts rumbl'd like a hurle-barrow,
I din'd with ſaincts and noblemen,
Ev'n ſweet St. Giles and earle of Murray.

Tykes teſtment take him for his treat,
I needed not my teeth to pike,
Though I was in a cruel ſweat,
He ſet not by, ſay what I like:
I call'd him Turk and traked tyke,
And wearied him with many a curſe,
My banes were hard like a ſtone-dyke,
No *Reg. Mari.* was in my purſe.

Kind widow Caddel ſent for me,
To dine, as ſhe did oft forſooth,
But ere alace that might not be
Her houſe was o're near the Tolbuith.

Yet

Yet God reward her for her love
And kindneſs, whilk I feƈtlie fand,
Moſt ready ſtill for my behove,
Ere this hell's hound took her in hand.

I ſlipt my page, and ſtour'd to Lieth,
To try my credit at the wine,
But foull a dribble fyl'd my teeth,
He gripp'd me at the Coffy-ſigne.
I ſta' down through the Nether-winde,
My lady Semples houſe was near,
To enter there was my deſigne,
Where Poverty durſt ne're appear.

I din'd there but I bade not lang,
My lady fain would ſhelter me,
But e'r alace I needs muſt gang,
And leave that comely company.
Her lad convey'd me, with her key,
Out throw her garden to the fields,
But I the Links cou'd grathly ſee,
My governour was at my heills.

I dought not dance to pipe nor harp;
I had no ſtock for cards and dice;
But I fuir to ſir William Sharp,
Who never made his counſel nice.
That little man he is right wiſe,
And ſharp as any brier can be,
He bravely gave me his advice,
How I might poyſon Poverty.

V. 107. ſed full ſound. *Old Copy.*

Quoth

Quoth he, there grows, hard by the dyal,
In Hattons garden bright and ſheen,
A ſoveraigne herb call'd penny-royal,
Whilk all the year grows freſh and green.
Cou'd ye but gather 't fair and clean,
Your buſineſſe would go the better;
But let account of it be ſeen
To the phyſitians of Exchequer.

Or if that ticket ye bring with you,
Come unto me, ye need not fear;
For I ſome of that herb can give you,
Whilk I have planted this ſame year.
Your page it will cauſe diſappear
Who waits on you againſt your will,
To gather it I ſhall you leave,
In my own yards of Stonny-hill.

But when I dread, that wod not work,
I underthought me of a wyle,
How I might at my leaſure lurk,
My graceleſſe guardion to beguile.
It's but my galloping a myle,
Throw Cannogate with little loſs,
Till I have ſanctuary a while
Within the girth of Abbey cloſſe.

There I wan in, and blyth was I
When to the Inner-court I drew,
My governour I did defy,
For joy I clapt my wings and crew.

V. 134. not go backward. *O. C.*

There

There meſſengers dare not purſue,
Nor with their wands mens ſhou'ders ſtear,
There dwells diſtreſſed lairds enew
In peace, tho' they have little gear.

There twa hours I did not tarry,
Till my bleſt fortune was to ſee
A ſight, ſure by the mights of Mary,
Of that brave duke of Albany.
Where one blink of his princely eye
Put that fowle foundling to the flight,
Frae me he baniſht Poverty,
And gard him take his laſt goodnight.

THE

VISION.*

COMPYLIT IN LATIN BE A MOST LERNIT CLERK IN TYME OF OUR HAIRSHIP AND OPPRESSION, ANNO 1300, AND TRANSLATIT IN 1524.

From the Ever Green.

BEDOUN the bents of Banquo brae
Milane I wandert waif and wae,
Muſand our main miſchaunce;
How be thay faes we ar undone,
That ſtaw the ſacred ſtane† frae Scone,
And leids us ſic a daunce:

* *Dr. Beattie has pronounced this piece "the beſt Scotiſh poem of modern times that 'he has' ſeen." He adds that "there are noble images in it, and a harmony of verſification ſuperior to every thing 'he has' ſeen in the kind." And, notwithſtanding the pretence of remote antiquity in the title, the learned critic ſuſpects, with evident reaſon, "that it is the work of ſome friend of the family of Stuart, and muſt have been compoſed about the year* 1715." *This information is derived from a volume of "Select Scotiſh Ballads" (as they are called), publiſhed in* 1783.

† The old chair (now in Weſtminſter Abbey) in which the Scots kings were always crown'd, wherein there is a piece of marble with this inſcription:

Ni fallat fatum, SCOTI, *quocunque locatum*
Inveniunt lapidem, regnare tenentur ibidem.

Quhyle

Quhyle Inglands Edert taks our tours,
And Scotland ferſt obeys,
Rude ruffians ranſakk ryal bours,
And Baliol homage pays;
Throch feidom our freidom
Is blotit with this ſkore
Quhat Romans or no mans
Pith culd eir do befoir.

The air grew ruch with bouſteous thuds,
Bauld Boreas branglit outthrow the cluds,
Maiſt lyke a drunken wicht;
The thunder crakt, and flauchts did rift
Frae the blak viſſart of the lift:
The forreſt ſchuke with fricht;
Nae birds abune thair wing extenn,
They ducht not byde the blaſt,
Ilk beiſt bedeen bangd to thair den,
Untill the ſtorm was paſt:
Ilk creature in nature
That had a ſpunk of ſence,
In neid then, with ſpeid then,
Methocht cryt, In defence.

To ſe a morn in May ſae ill,
I deimt dame Nature was gane will,
To rair with rackles reil;
Quhairfoir to put me out of pain,
And ſkonce my ſkap and ſhanks frae rain,
I bure me to a beil,

V. 7. Edward I.

Up

Up ane hich craig that lundgit alaft,
Out owre a canny cave,
A curious cruif of Natures craft,
Quhilk to me ſchelter gaif;
Ther vexit, perplexit,
I leint me doun to weip,
In brief ther, with grief ther
I dottard owre on ſleip.

Heir Somnus in his ſilent hand
Held all my ſences at command,
Quhyle I forzet my cair;
The myldeſt meid of mortall wichts
Quha paſs in peace the private nichts,
That wauking finds it rare;
Sae in faſt ſlumbers did I ly,
But not my wakryfe mind,
Quhilk ſtill ſtude watch, and couth eſpy
A man with aſpeck kynd;
Richt auld lyke and bauld lyke,
With baird thre quarters ſkant,
Sae braif lyke and graif lyke,
He ſeemt to be a ſanct.

Grit darring dartit frae his ee,
A braid-ſword ſchogled at his thie,
On his left arm a targe;
A ſhynand ſpeir filld his richt hand,
Of ſtalwart mak, in bane and brawnd,
Of juſt proportions, large;

A various

A various rain-bow colourt plaid
Owre his left ſpanl he threw,
Down his braid back, frae his quhyt heid,
The ſilver wymplers grew;
Amaiſit, I gaiſit
To ſe, led at command,
A ſtrampant and rampant
Ferſs lyon in his hand.

Quhilk held a thiſtle in his paw,
And round his collar graift I ſaw
This poeſie pat and plain,
Nemo me impune laceſſ-
Et:——In Scots, *Nane ſall oppreſs*
Me unpuniſt with pain.
Still ſchaking, I durſt naithing ſay,
Till he with kynd accent
Sayd, Fere let nocht thy hairt affray,
I cum to hier thy plaint;
Thy graining and maining
Haith laitlie reikd myne eir,
Debar then affar then
All eiryneſs or feir.

For I am ane of a hie ſtation,
The warden of this auntient nation,
And cannocht do the wrang;
I viſſyt him then round about,
Syne with a reſolution ſtout,
Speird, quhair he had bene ſae lang?

Quod

Quod he, Althocht I ſum forſuke,
Becaus they did me ſlicht,
To hills and glens I me betuke,
To them that luves my richt;
Quhaſe mynds zet inclynds zet
To damm the rappid ſpate,
Devyſing and pryſing
Freidom at ony rate.

Our trechour peirs thair tyranns treit,
Quha jyb them, and thair ſubſtance eit,
And on thair honour ſtramp;
They, pure degenerate! bend thair baks,
The victor, Langſhanks, proudly cracks
He has blawn out our lamp:
Quhyle trew men, ſair complainand, tell,
With ſobs, thair ſilent greif,
How Baliol thair richts did ſell,
With ſmall howp of releife;
Regretand and fretand
Ay at his curſit plot,
Quha rammed and crammed
That bargin doun thair throt.

Braif gentrie ſweir, and burgers ban,
Revenge is muttert be ilk clan
Thats to their nation trew;
The cloyſters cum to cun the evil,
Mailpayers wiſs it to the devil,
With its contryving crew:

The

The hardy wald, with hairty wills,
  Upon dyre vengance fall;
The feckleſs fret owre heuchs and hills,
  And Eccho anſwers all,
    Repetand and greitand,
    With mony a ſair alace,
    For blaſting and caſting
    Our honour in diſgrace.

Waes me! quod I, our caſe is bad,
And mony of us are gane mad,
  Sen this diſgraceful paction:
We are felld and herryt now by forſe;
And hardly help fort, thats zit warſe,
  We are ſae forfairn with faction.
Then has not he gude cauſe to grumble,
  Thats forſt to be a ſlaif?
Oppreſſion dois the judgment jumble,
  And gars a wyſe man raif.
    May cheins then, and pains then
    Infernal be thair hyre
    Quha dang us, and flang us
    Into this ugſum myre.

Then he with bauld forbidding luke,
And ſtaitly air, did me rebuke,
  For being of ſprite ſae mein:
  Said he, its far beneath a SCOT
To uſe weak curſes quhen his lot
  May ſumtyms ſour his ſplein.

He rather ſould, mair lyke a man,
Some braif deſign attempt;
Gif its nocht in his pith, what than?
Reſt but a quhyle content;
Nocht feirful, but cheirful,
And wait the will of fate,
Which mynds to deſygns to
Renew zour auntient ſtate.

I ken ſum mair than ze do all
Of quhat ſall afterwart befall,
In mair auſpicious tymes;
For aften, far abufe the mune,
We watching beings do convene,
Frae round eards outmoſt climes,
Quhair evry warden repreſents
Cleirly his nations caſe,
Gif famyne, peſt, or ſword torments,
Or vilains hie in place,
Quha keip ay, and heip ay
Up to themſelves grit ſtore,
By rundging and ſpunging
The leil laborious pure.

Say then, ſaid I, at zour hie ſate,
Lernt ze ocht of auld Scotland's fate,
Gif eir ſchoil be her fell?
With ſmyle celeſt, quod he, I can,
But its nocht fit an mortal man
Sould ken all I can tell:

But

But part to the I may unfold,
And thou may faifly ken,
Quhen Scottiſh peirs ſlicht Saxon gold,
And turn trew heartit men;
Quhen knaivry and ſlavrie
Ar equally diſpyſd,
And loyalte and royalte
Univerſalie are pryſd.

Quhen all zour trade is at a ſtand,
And cunzie clene forſaiks the land,
Quhilk will be very ſune;
Will preiſts without their ſtypands preich?
For nocht will lawyers cauſes ſtreich?
Faith thatis nae eaſy done.
All this and mair maun cum to paſs,
To cleir zour glamourit ſicht;
And Scotland maun be made an aſs,
To ſet her jugment richt.
Theyil jade hir and blad hir,
Untill ſcho brak hir tether,
Thocht auld ſchois zit bauld ſchois,
And teuch lyke barkit lether.

But mony a corſs ſall braithleſs ly,
And wae ſall mony a widow cry,
Or all rin richt again;
Owre Cheviot prancing proudly North,
The faes ſall tak the feild neir Forthe,
And think the day their ain:

But burns that day ſall rin with blude
Of them that now oppreſs ;
Thair carcaſſes be corbys fude,
By thouſands on the greſs.
A king then ſall ring then,
Of wyſe renoun and braif,
Quhaſe puſians and ſapiens
Sall richt reſtoir and ſaif.

The view of freidomis ſweit, quod I,
O ſay, grit tennant of the ſkye,
How neiris that happie tyme.
We ken things but be circumſtans,
Nae mair, quod he, I may advance,
Leiſt I commit a cryme,
Quhat eir ze pleis, gae on, quod I,
I ſall not faſh ze moir,
Say how, and quhair ze met, and quhy,
As ze did hint befoir.
With air then ſae fair then,
That glanſt like rayis of glory,
Sae godlyk and oddlyk,
He thus reſumit his ſtorie.

Frae the ſuns ryſing to his ſett,
All the pryme rait of wardens met,
In ſolemn bricht array,
With vehicles of aither cleir,
Sic we put on quhen we appeir
To ſauls rowit up in clay ;

Thair in a wyde and ſplendit hall,
Reird up with ſhynand beims,
Quhais rufe-treis wer of rainbows all,
And paift with ſtarrie gleims,
Quhilk prinked and twinkled
Brichtly beyont compair,
Much famed, and named
A caſtill in the air.

In midſt of quhilk a table ſtude,
A ſpacious oval reid as blude,
Made of a fyre-flaucht,
Arround the dazeling walls were drawn,
With rays be a celeſtial hand,
Full mony a curious draucht.
Inferiour beings flew in haiſt,
Without gyd or derectour,
Millions of myles throch the wyld waſte,
To bring in bowlis of nectar:
Then roundly and ſoundly
We drank lyk Roman gods;
Quhen Jove ſae dois rove ſae,
That Mars and Bacchus nods.

Quhen Phebus heid turns licht as cork,
And Neptune leans upon his fork,
And limpand Vulcan blethers;
Quhen Pluto glowrs as he were wyld,
And Cupid, luves we wingit chyld,
Fals down and fyls his fethers;

Quhen Pan forzets to tune his rei d,
And 'flings' it cairleſs bye,
And Hermes, wingd at heils and heid,
Can nowther ſtand nor lye:
Quhen ſtaggirand and ſwagirrand,
They ſtoyter hame to ſleip,
Quhyle centeries at enteries
Imortal watches keip.

Thus we tuke in the high browin liquour,
And bangd about the nectar biquour;
But evir with 'this' ods:
We neir in drink our judgments drenſch,
Nor ſcour about to ſeik a wenſch,
Lyk theſe auld baudy gods;
But franklie at ilk uther aſk,
Quhats proper we ſuld know,
How ilk ane hes performt the taſk
Aſſignd to him below:
Our minds then, ſae kind then,
Are fixt upon our care,
Ay noting and ploting
Quhat tends to thair weilfair.

Gothus and Vandall baith lukt bluff,
Quhyle Gallus ſneerd and tuke a ſnuff,
Quhilk made Allmane to ſtare;
Latinus bad him naithing feir,
But lend his hand to haly weir,
And of cowd crouns tak care;

V. 260. ſlings. *R.* *V.* 269. his. *R.*

Batavius, with his paddock-face,
Luking aſquint, cryd, Piſch!
Zour monks ar void of ſence or grace,
I had leur ficht for fiſch;
Zour ſchule-men ar fule-men,
Carvit out for dull debates,
Decoying and deſtroying
Baith monarchies and ſtates.

Iberius, with a gurlie nod
Cryd, Hogan, zes, we ken zour God,
Its herrings ze adore.
Heptarchus, as he uſd to be,
Can nocht with his ain thochts agre,
But varies bak and fore;
Ane quhyle he ſays, It is not richt
A monarch to reſiſt;
Neiſt braith all ryall powir will ſlicht,
And paſſive homage jeſt:
He hitches and fitches
Betwein the *hic* and *hoc*,
Ay jieand and flieand
Round lyk a wedder-cock.

I ſtill ſupport my precedens
Abune them all, for ſword and ſens,
Thocht I haif layn richt now lown,
Quhylk was, becaus I bure a grudge
At ſum fule Scotis, quha lykd to drudge
To princes no thair awin;

Sum thanis thair tennants pykit and ſqueiſt,
And purſit up all thair rent,
Syne wallopit to far courts, and bleiſt,
Till riggs and ſchaws war ſpent;
Syne byndging and whyndging,
Quhen thus reduſit to howps,
They dander and wander
About pure lickmadowps.

But now its tyme for me to draw
My ſhynand ſword againſt club-law,
And gar my lyon roir;
He ſall or lang gie ſic a ſound,
The ecchoe ſall be hard arround
Europe, frae ſchore to ſchore:
Then lat them gadder all thair ſtrenth,
And ſtryve to wirk my fall,
Tho numerous, zit at the lenth
I will owrecum them all,
And raiſe zit and blaſe zit
My braifrie and renown,
By gracing and placing
Arright the Scottis crown.

Quhen my braif BRUCE the ſame ſall weir
Upon his ryal heid, full cleir
The diadem will ſhyne;
Then ſall zour ſair oppreſſion ceis,
His intreſt zours, he will not fleice,
Or leif zou eir inclyne:
Thocht millions to his purſe be lent,
Zell neir the puirer be,

But

But rather richer, quhyle its ſpent
Within the Scotiſh ſe:
The field then ſall zeild then
To honeſt huſbands welth;
Gude laws then ſall cauſe then
A ſickly ſtate haif helth.

Quhyle thus he talkit, methocht ther came
A wondir fair etherial dame,
And to our warden ſayd,
Grit Callidon, I cum in ſerch
Of zou, frae the hych ſtarry arch,
The counſill wants zour ayd;
Frae every quarter of the ſky,
As ſwift as quhirl-wynd,
With ſpirits ſpeid the chiftains hy,
Sum grit thing is deſygnd:
Owre muntains, be funtains,
And round ilk fairy ring,
I haif chaiſt ze, O haiſt ze,
Thay talk about zour king.

With that my hand methocht he ſchuke,
And wiſcht I happyneſs micht bruke,
To eild be nicht and day;
Syne quicker than an arrows flicht,
He mountit upwarts frae my ſicht,
Straicht to the milkie way;
My mynd him followit throw the ſkyes,
Untill the brynie ſtreme

For joy ran trinckling frae myne eyes,
And wakit me frae dreme;
Then peiping, half ſleiping,
Frae furth my rural beild,
It eiſit me and pleiſit me
To ſe and ſmell the feild.

For Flora, in hir clene array,
New waſhen with a ſhowir of May,
Lukit full ſweit and fair;
Quhyle hir cleir huſband frae aboif
Sched doun his rayis of genial luve,
Hir ſweits perfumt the air;
The winds war huſht, the welkin cleird,
The glumand clouds war fled,
And all as ſaft and gay appeird
As ane Elyſion ſched;
Quhilk heiſit and bleiſit
My heart with ſic a fyre,
As raiſes theſe praiſes
That do to heaven aſpyre.

Quod AR. SCOT.

THE CALEDONIAN MUSE.

PART III.

EXTRACTS.

"VIRGIL'S ÆNEIS,

TRANSLATED INTO SCOTTISH VERSE,

BY THE FAMOUS GAWIN DOUGLAS BISHOP OF DUNKELD.*"

From the edition of 1710.

THE PROLOGUE OF THE VII BUKE.

AS bricht Phebus ſchene ſouerane heuinnis E
The oppoſit held of his chymes hie,
Clere ſchynand bemes, and goldin ſumeris hew
In lattoun cullour altering all of new,

A eloquent diſcription of wynter wyth hys grete ſtormes and tempeſtis.

* *Born* 1475; *dyed* 1522.

Kything

Kything no ſigne of heit be his viſſage,
So nere approchit he his wynter ſtage,
Reddy he was to enter the thrid morne
In cludy ſkyes vnder Capricorne:
All thoucht he be the lampe and hert of heuin,
Forfeblit wox his lemand gilty leuin,
Throw the declynyng of his large round ſpere.
The froſty regioun ryngis of the zere,
The tyme and ſeſſoun bitter, cauld and pale,
Thay ſchort dayis, that clerkis clepe Brumale:
Quhen brym blaſtis of the northyn art
Ouerquhelmyt had Neptunus in his cart,
And all to ſchaik the leuys of the treis,
The rageand ſtormes ouerwelterand wally ſeis,
Ryueris ran rede on ſpate with wattir broun,
And burnis harlis all thare bankis doun,
And landbirſt rumbland rudely with ſic bere,
Sa loud neuir rummyſt wyld lyoun nor bere:
Fludis monſtouris, ſic as mereſwynis and quhalis,
For the tempeſt law in the depe deualis:
Mars occident retrogade in his ſpere,
Prouocand ſtryffe, regnit as lord that zere.
Rany Orioun, with his ſtormy face,
Bywauit oft the ſchipman by hys race:
Frawart Saturne chil of complexioun,
Throw quhais aſpect darth and infectioun
Bene cauſit oft and mortall peſtilence,
Went progreſſiue the greis of his aſcence:
And luſty Hebe, Junois dochter gay,
Stude ſpulzete of hir office and array:

The

The ſole yſowpit in to wattir wak,
The firmament ouercaſt with cludis blak:
The ground fadit, and fauch wox al the feildis,
Mountane toppis ſlekit with ſnaw ouer heildis:
On raggit rolkis of hard harſk quhyn ſtane,
With froſyn frontis cald clynty clewis ſchane:
Bewty was loiſt, and barrand ſchew the landis,
With froſtis hare ouerfret the feildis ſtandis.
Sere birtir bubbis and the ſchoutis ſnell
Semyt on the ſwarde in ſimilitude of hell,
Reducing to oure mynde in euery ſtede
Gouſty ſchaddois of eild and griſly dede:
Thik drumly ſkuggis dirkinnit ſo the heuin,
Dym ſkyis oft furth warpit fereful leuin,
Flaggis of fyre, and mony felloun ſlaw,
Scharp ſoppis of ſleit, and of the ſnyppand ſnaw:
The dolly dikis war al donk and wate,
The law valis flodderit all wyth ſpate,
The plane ſtretis and euery hie way
Full of fluſchis, dubbis, myre and clay,
Laggerit leyis wallowit fernis ſchew,
Broun muris kythit thare wiſſinyt moſſy hew,
Bank, bray and boddum blanſchit wox and bare;
For gourl weddir growit beiſtis hare,
The wynd maid waif the rede wede on the dyk,
Bedowin in donkis depe was euery ſike:
Ouer craggis and the frontis of rochys ſere
Hang grete yſe ſchokkillis lang as ony ſpere:
The grund ſtude barrane, widderit, doſk and gray,
Herbis, flouris and gerſſis wallowit away:

Woddis, foreſtis with naket bewis blout
Stude ſtripit of thare wede in euery hout:
Sa buſtouſlie Boreas his bugill blew,
The dere full derne doun in the dalis drew:
Small birdis flokand throw thik ronnys thrang,
In chirmynge, and with cheping changit thare ſang,
Sekand hidlis and hirnys thame to hyde
Fra ferefull thuddis of the tempeſtuus tyde:
The wattir lynnys rowtis, and euery lynd
Quhiſlit and blayit of the ſouchand wynd:
Pure lauboraris and byſſy huſband men
Went weet and wery, draglit in the fen:
The cilly ſchepe and thare litill hird gromes
Lurkis vnder lye of bankis, woddis and bromes:
And vtheris dantit greter beiſtial,
Within thare ſtabill ſeſit in the ſtall,
Sic as mulis, hors, oxin or ky,
Fed tuſkit baris, and fat ſwyne in ſty,
Suſtenit war be mannis gouernance
On herviſt and on ſomeris puruiance:
Widequhare with fors ſo Eolus ſchoutis ſchill
In this congelit ſeſoun ſcharp and chill,
The callour are penetratiue and pure,
Daſing the blude in euery creature,
Made ſeik warme ſtouis and bene fires hote,
In doubill garmont cled and wylecote,
With mychty drink, and metis confortiue,
Aganis the ſterne wynter for to ſtriue.
Recreate wele and by the chymnay bekit,
At euin be tyme doun in ane bed me ſtrekit,

Warpit

Warpit my hede, keſt on claithis thrynfald
For to expell the perrellus perſand cald:
I croſit me, ſyne bownit for to ſlepe:
Quhare lemand throw the glas I did tak kepe
Latonia the lang irkſum nycht
Hir ſubtell blenkis ſched and watry lycht,
Full hie vp quhirlit in hir regioun,
Till Phebus richt in oppoſicioun,
Into the Crab hir propir manſioun draw,
Haldand the hicht althocht the ſon went law:
The hornyt byrd, quhilk we clepe the nicht oule,
Within hir cauerne hard I ſchout and zoule,
Laithely of forme, with crukit camſcho beik,
Ugſum to here was hir wyld elriſche ſkreik.
The wyld geis eik claking by nychtis tyde
Attour the ciete fleand hard I glyde.
On ſlummer I ſlade full ſone, and ſlepyt ſound,
Quhill the horiſont vpwart can rebound:
Phebus crounit bird, the nichtis orlagere,
Clappin his wingis thryis had crawin clere:
Approching nere the greking of the day,
Within my bed I walkynnyt quhare I lay,
Sa faſt declynnys Cynthia the mone,
And kayis keklys on the rufe abone:
Palamedes birdis crowpand in the ſky,
Fleand on randoun, ſchapin lyk ane Y,
And as ane trumpit rang thare vocis ſoun,
Quhais cryis bene pronoſticacioun
Of wyndy blaſtis and ventoſiteis.
Faſt by my chalmer on hie wiſnit treis

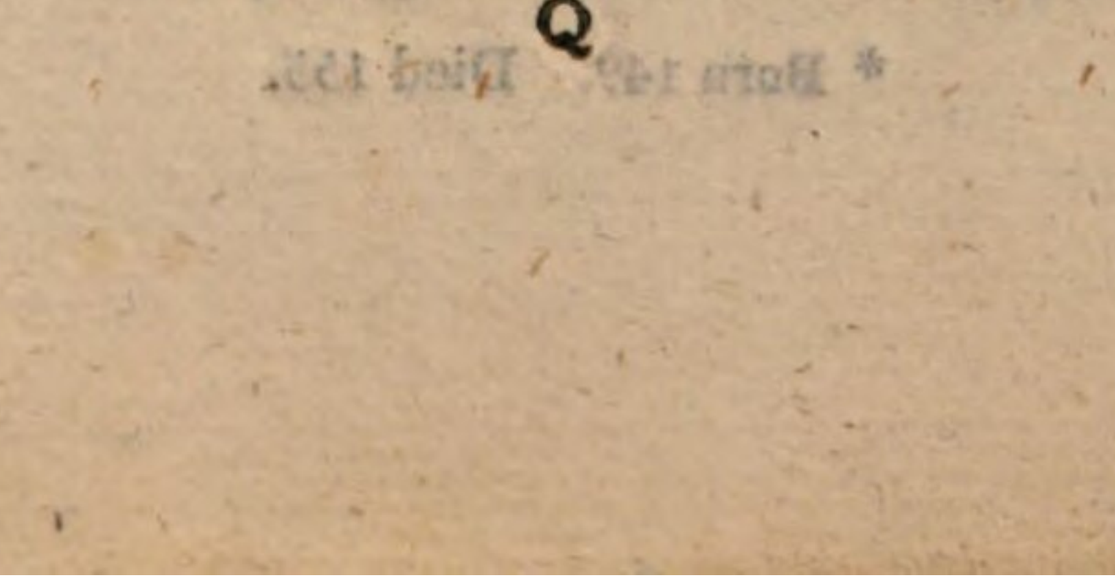
The fary gled quhiſsllis with mony ane pew,
Quharby the day was dawing wele I knew;
Bad bete the fyre, and the candyll alicht,
Syne bliſſit me, and in my wedis dicht;
Ane ſchot wyndo unſchet ane litel on char,
Perſauyt the mornyng bla, wan and har,
Wyth cloudy gum and rak ouerquhelmyt the are,
The ſulze ſtiche, haſard, rouch and hare;
Branchis brattlyng, and blaiknyt ſchew the brayis,
With hirſtis harſk of waggand wyndil ſtrayis,
The dew droppis congelit on ſtibbil and rynd,
And ſcharp hailſtanys mortfundyit of kynd,
Hoppand on the thak and on the cauſay by:
The ſchote I cloſit, and drew inwart in hy,
Cheuerand for cald, the ſeſſoun was ſa ſnell,
Schupe with hait flambis to ſteme the freſing fell.
And as I bounit me to the fire me by,
Baith vp and doun the houſe I did eſpy;
And ſeand Virgil on ane letteron ſtand,
To wryte anone I hynt my pen in hand,
For till perform the poet graif and ſad,
Quhen ſa fer furth or than begun I had:
And wox anoyit ſum dele in my hart,
Thare reſtit vncompletit ſa grete ane part.
And to my ſelf I ſayd, In gude effect
Thou mon draw furth, the zoik lyis on thy nek.
Within my mynd compaſſing thocht I ſo,
Na thing is done quhil ocht remanis ado:
For beſynes quhilk occurrit on caſe,
Ouer voluit I this volume lay ane ſpace:

And

And thocht I wery was, me list not tyre,
Full laith to leif our werk sa in the myre,
Or zit to stynt for bittir storme or rane:
Here I assayit to zoik oure pleuch agane:
And as I culd, with ane fald diligence
This nixt buke followand of profound science,
Thus has begun in the chill wynter cald,
Quhen frostis dois ouer flete baith firth and fald.

A commendacion of this Proloug.

The Proloug smellis new cum furth of hell,
And as our buke begouth his werefare tell,
So well according deulie bene annext,
Thou drery preambil, with ane bludy text.
Of sabill bene thyne letteres illumynate,
According to thy proces and thy state.



"ANE DIALOG BETUIX EXPERIENCE AND ANE COURTEOUR, OF THE MISERABYLL ESTAIT OF THE WARLD.

Compylit be SCHIR DAUID LYNDESAY of ye MONT KNYCHT *alias* LYONE KYNG of ARMES.*"

From the edition dated 1552.

THE PROLOGE.

MVSING, and maruelling on the miserie
Frome day to day, in erth, quhilk dois increas;
And of ilk stait, the instabilitie,
Proceding of the restles besynes,
Quhare on the most part doith thair mynd addres,
Inordinatlie, on houngrye couatyce
Vaine glore, dissait, and vthir sensuall vyce.

Bot tumlyng in my bed, I mycht nocht lye,
Quhairfore I fuir furth, in ane Maye mornyng;
Conforte to gett of my melancolye,
Sumquhat affore fresche Phebus vperysing,
Quhare I mycht heir the birdis sweitlie syng;
Intyll ane park I past, for my plesure,
Decorit weill be craft of dame Nature.

Quhov I ressauit confort naturall,
For tyll discryue at lenth, it war to lang;
Smelling the holsum herbis medicinall,
Quhare on the dulce, and balmy dew down dang
Lyke aurient peirles on the twistis hang
Or quhov that the aromatik odouris
Did proceid frome the tender fragrant flouris.

* Born 149. Died 155.

Or quhov Phebus, that king etheriall,
Swyftlie sprang vp into the orient;
Ascending in his throne imperiall,
Quhose brycht, and buriall bemes resplendent,
Illumynit all on to the occident;
Confortand euerye corporall creature
Quhilk formit war, in erth, be dame Nature:

Quhose donk impurpurit vestiment nocturnall,
With his imbroudit mantyll matutyne;
He left intyll his regioun aurorall
Quhilk on hym watit, quhen he did declyne
Towarte his occident palyce vespertyne,
And rose in habyte gaye and glorious
Brychtar nor gold, or stonis precious.

Bot Synthea, the hornit nychtis quene,
Scho loste hir lycht, and lede ane lawar saill;
Frome tyme hir souerane lorde that scho had sene
And in his presens, waxit dirk, and paill,
And ouer hir visage kest ane mistye vaill;
So did Venus, the goddes amorous,
With Jupiter, Mars, and Mercurius.

Rycht so, the auld intoxicat Saturne,
Persauyng Phebus powir, his beymes brycht,
Abufe the erth, than maid he no sudgeourne
Bot soddandlye did lose his borrowit lycht,
Quhilk he durst neuir schaw, bot on the nycht,
The pole artick, wrsis, and sterris all
Quhilk situate ar, in the septemtrionall.

Tyll errand schyppis, quhilks ar the souer gyde,
Conuoyand thame vpone the stromye nycht;
Within thare frostie circle did thame hyde;
Howbeit that sterris have none vthir lycht,
Bot the reflex of Phebus bemes brycht;
That day durst none in to the heuin appeir,
Tyll he had circuit all our hemispeir.

Me thocht, it was ane sycht celestiall,
To sene Phebus, so angellyke ascend,
In tyll his fyrie chariot triumphall
Quhose bewte brycht, I culd notht comprehend
All warldlie cure anone did fro me wend,
Quhen fresche Flora spred furth hir tapestrie
Wrocht be dame Nature quent and curiouslie.

Depaynt, with mony hundreth heuinlie hewis,
Glaid of the rysing, of thare royall Roye,
With blomes breckand on the tender bewis
Quhilk did prouoke myne hart tyl natural joye,
Neptune that day, and Eoll held thame coye;
That men on far mycht heir the birdis sounde,
Quhose noyis did to the sterrye heuvin redounde.

The plesand powne prunzeand his feddrem fair
The myrthfull maues maid gret melodie
The lustye lark, ascending in the air,
Numerand hir naturall notis craftelye,
The gay goldspink, the merll rycht myrralye,
The noyis of the nobyll nychtingalis,
Redundit throuch the montans, meids, and valis.

Contempling this melodious armonye,
Quhov euerilke bird drest thame for tyl aduance,
To saluss nature with thare melodye
That I stude gasing, halflings in ane trance
To heir thame mak thare naturall obseruance;
So royallie, that all the roches rang
Throuch repercussioun of thare suggurit sang.

I lose my tyme allace for to rehers,
Sick uufrutful and vaine discriptioun
Or wrytt in to my raggit rurall vers
Mater without edificatioun,
Consydering quhov that myne intentoun,
Bene tyll deplore the mortall misereis
With continuall cairfull calamiteis.

Consisting in this wracheit vaill of sorrow;
Bot sad sentence sulde haue ane sad indyte;
So termes brycht, I lyste nocht for to borrow,
Off murnyng mater men hes no delyte
With roustye termes, tharefor wyl I wryte,
With sorrowful seychis, ascending frome the splene,
And bitter teris, distellyng frome myne eine.

Withoute ony vaine inuocatioun
To Minerua, or to Melpominee;
Nor zitt wyll I mak supplicatioun,
For help, to Cleo, nor Caliopee;
Sick marde musis, may mak me no supplee.
Proserpyne, I refuse, and Apollo,
Add rycht so Ewterp, Jupiter, and Juno.

Quhilks bene to plesand poetis conforting;
Quharefor, because I am nocht one of tho,
I do desyre of thame no supporting
For I did neuer sleip on Pernaso,
As did the poetis of lang tyme ago;
And speciallie the ornate Ennius,
Nor drank I neuer with Hysiodus;

Off Grece, the perfyte poet souerane;
Off Hylicon the sors of eloquence,
Off that mellifluus, famous fresche fontane;
Quharefor I awe to thame no reuerence
I purpose nocht to mak obedience
To sic mischeand musis, nor malmontrye
Afore tyme vsit into poetrye.

Raueand Rhammusia, goddes of dispyte,
Mycht be to me ane muse rycht conuenabyll,
Gyff I desyrit sic help for tyll indyte
This murnyng mater, mad, and miserabyll;
I mon go seik ane muse more confortabyl
And sic vaine superstitioun to refuse
Beseikand the great God to be my muse:

Be quhose wysdome al maner of thing bene wrocht,
The heych heuinns, wit all thair ornamentis
And without mater maid all thing of nocht,
Hell in myd centir of the elementis;
That heuinlye muse, to seik my hole intent is
The quhilk gaif sapience to king Salomone
To Dauid grace, strenth to the strang Sampsone.

And of pure Peter, maid ane prudent precheour,
And be the power of his deitee
Off creuell Paull he maid ane cunnyng techeour;
I mon beseik, rycht lawly on my knee,
His heych superexcellent maiestie
That with his heuinlye spreit, he me inspyre
To wrytt no thyng, contrarye his disyre.

Beseikand als his souerane sonne Jesu
Quhilk wes consauit be the holy spreit
Incarnat of the purifyit Virgin trev,
Into the quhome the prophicie was compleit
That prince of peace moist humyll, and mansweit,
Quhilk onder Pylate sufferit passioun
Vpon the croce, for our saluatioun:

And be that creuell deith intollerabyll
Lowsit we wer frome bandis of Balyall
And mairattouir, it wes so proffitabyll,
That to this hour, come neuir man, nor sall,
To the tryumphant ioye imperiall
Off lyfe, quhowbeit that thay war neuer sa gude,
Bot, be the vertew of that precious blude.

Quharefor, insteid of the mont Pernaso,
Swyftlie I sall go seik my souerane
To Mont Caluare; the straucht waye mon I go
To gett ane taist of that moist fresche fontane,
That sors to seik my hart may nocht refrane,
Off Hylicone, quhilk wes boith deip and wyde
That Longeous did graue in tyll his side.

From that fresche fontane sprang a famous flude,
Quhilk redolent reuer throuch the warld zit rynnis;
As christall cleir, and mixit bene with blude,
Quhose sound abufe the heyest heuinns dinnis,
All faithfull peple purgeing frome thare synnis;
Quharefor, I sall beseik his excellence
To grant me grace, wysedome, and eloquence.

And bayth me, with those dulce and balmy strandis,
Quhilk on the croce did spedalie out spryng
Frome his moste tender feit, and heuinly handis;
And grant me grace, to wrytt nor dyte no thyng;
Bot tyll his heych honour and loude louyng:
But quhose support thare may na gud be wrocht
Tyll his plesure, gude works, word, nor thocht.

Tharefor, O Lord, I pray thy maiestie
As thov did schaw thy heych power diuyne
First planelie, in the Cane of Galelee
Quhare thov conuertit cauld watter in wyne
Conuoye my mater, tyll ane fructuous fyne
And saue my sayings baith frome schame and syn
Tak tent for now I purpose to begyn.

Heir endis the prologe.

BSB Bayerische StaatsBibliothek

MDZ Münchener DigitalisierungsZentrum Digitale Bibliothek

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